THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXVII—No. 997

JANUARY 10, 1923

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

BYSTANDER BRIDGE—NOTES AND PROBLEMS

MOTOR TYRES AT
1/3 of Present Market Prices
Send your worn tyres to
ALMAGAM
MILLS·HARPENDEN
3000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover
SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS
CARLISLE, 21/12/22.—"We take this opportunity of mentioning that the last two covers retreaded by you have given excellent service, having run a mileage of 7,200.—Yours truly——"

BOLLINGER'S
By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.
CHAMPAGNE
1914
Vintage

INDIAN TEAK
PARQUET
FLOORS.
Best for dancing & general wear. London - made, from seasoned stocks, by original patentees,
HOWARD & SONS, LTD.
25-27, Berners Street, W. 1.

DINNEFORD'S
MAGNESIA.

Don't take solid Magnesia
if you value your health. Eminent chemists have proved that it is liable to form hard insoluble lumps in the bowels, endangering and sometimes destroying life. No such risk arises from the use of
DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA. ABSOLUTELY SAFE.
Pure fluid Magnesia will not harm the most delicate constitution. Recommended by doctors for over 100 years as the safest and most effective aperient for regular use
For Gout, Rheumatic Gout and Gravel. The universal remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Headaches, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sour Eructations, Bilious Affections
Prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion.
SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH
by insisting on "DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA."
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on bottle and label.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

Kunzle
HIGH GRADE
CHOCOLATES
MADE IN BIRMINGHAM.
PATENT CREAMS, Regd. 19215.

The BEST results are obtained by using
BORWICK'S
The Best BAKING POWDER in the World
for making the lightest Cakes, Scones, Pastries, Puddings, and Pies.
Always insist on having Borwick's!

The Odds are Four to One against You

Heed Nature's Warning—Bleeding Gums

Pyorrhea attacks four persons out of every five that pass the age of forty, and thousands younger, too. It destroys teeth, saps health.

Heed Nature's warning—bleeding gums. Act at once, for Pyorrhea works fast. The tender gums recede. The teeth loosen, drop out, or must be extracted. Pus-pockets form at the roots and often flood the system with infection.

Go to your dentist immediately. Brush your teeth with Forhan's For the Gums. When used in time and used consistently, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. Economical to use—get it at all chemists'

Or send 2/6 for long-lasting tube to THOS. CHRISTY & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C. 4

WALPOLES' SALE

(NOW PROCEEDING)

An opportunity to secure the exclusive "Walpole" Cut Frocks and Blouses at Bargain Prices

AN OUTSTANDING SALE VALUE

BK 78. CHARMING AFTERNOON FROCK IN HEAVY SILK CREPE DE CHINE

daintily adorned with the detachable hand-hemstitched Ivory Georgette collar, tucks on vest and bottom of skirt, and the plaited girdle of crepe de Chine. The frock slips easily over the head, and having elastic at the waist is very easy fitting. It is gracefully cut and finished to "Walpole" ideals from an excellent silk. Colours: Saxe, Grey, Rust, Brown, Beige, Black, Navy.

SALE PRICE **72/6**

Money refunded if not satisfied.

SALE CATALOGUE Post Free on request.

We pay carriage on all Orders in the British Isles.

BK 78

WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD

108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8.
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.

JANUARY SALE OF IRISH LINEN

THE whole of Robinson & Cleaver's stock is being offered at greatly reduced prices. There is no danger of being served with goods that are inferior to the lines usually supplied. Our reputation for Real Irish Linen is upheld at Sale times as well as all other periods of the year.

No. B 101.—Great offer Pure Irish Linen Scalloped Duchesse Sets. Scalloped in Blue or White. Worth 4/6. SALE PRICE per set **3/3**

No. B 101.—Hemstitched Pure Irish Linen Pillow Cases. Size 20 x 30 ins. Worth 12/6 per pair. SALE PRICE per pair **9/4**

No. B 101—Heavy Twilled All-Linen Typed Kitchen or Basin Cloths. Size 22 x 34 ins. Worth 18/3 per dozen. SALE PRICE—**6** for **7/3**

Write for Illustrated Sale List No. 44T, sent post free. We guarantee delivery of parcels, and pay carriage on orders of 20/- and upwards in United Kingdom.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

Linen Manufacturers, BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND.

DRY CLEAN by Post

NETTOYAGE À SEC

OUR postal system of Dry Cleaning is speedy, simple and economical—the post is OUR Agent. Customers express satisfaction by every post. TRY US.

The prices are:—

BLOUSES, 2/-; DRESSES, 6/-
COSTUMES, 6/6; GENTS' SUITS, 6/6

Parcels returned very quickly.
Postage paid one way.

BRAND & MOLLISON LTD
CITY OF GLASGOW DYEWORKS
MARYHILL GLASGOW

MY LADY'S FEET

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out."

That was seventeenth-century fashion. To-day my lady's feet are not so mouse-like in their habits; modern dress gives them little chance of playing hide-and-seek.

The change is all to the good, for a well-shod foot is worth more than a tantalising glimpse. A good-looking shoe makes a good-looking foot. It must, however, always be remembered that the good looks of a shoe depend not merely on its design but on the quality of the material used, on the workmanship and, above all, on the fit.

If you have your shoes made to your own measure by a first-class private maker you will be sure of being fully satisfied on all these points—at a price. For a fraction of that price you can obtain a pair of Lotus or Delta shoes, which, being built on "made-to-measure" lines, will give you practically the same satisfaction.

Lotus & Delta

120 *STYLES*

From a Dance Slipper to a Golf Shoe

Go to the Lotus Agent in your neighbourhood and inspect his stock. A postcard to Lotus Ltd., Stafford, will bring you an illustrated booklet descriptive of the Lotus and Delta range of styles.

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE
SALE

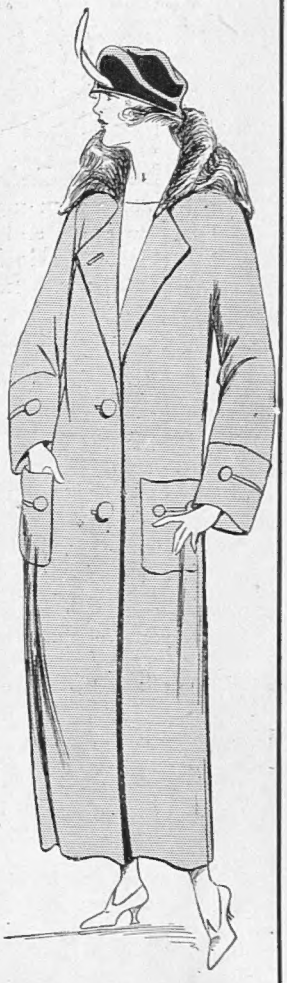
Now Proceeding

Finished attire of every kind—from chic millinery and smart costumes to well-fitting footwear—is marked down to clear at Goochs Sale this week. An early visit is advised.

During the Sale no goods can be exchanged after purchase, or sent on approval.

Great variety of French models reduced to one-tenth of their original cost.

All millinery greatly reduced, French models at less than half cost.



Velour Cloth Coat, trimmed fur, in grey, nigger, beaver, mole, and dark mole. SALE **65/9**

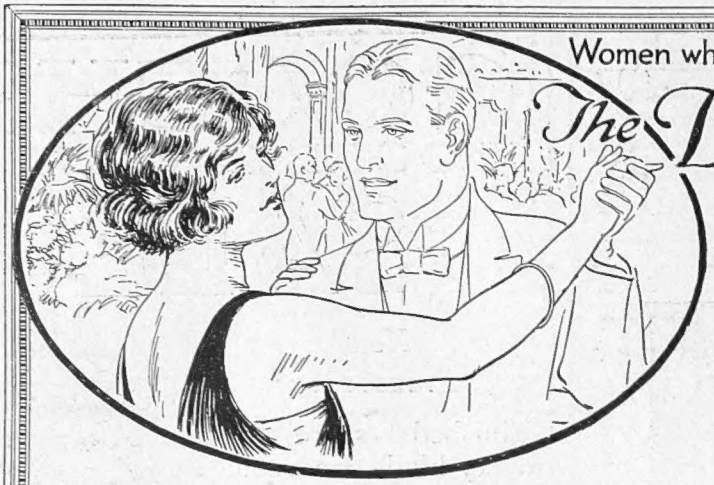
Good quality artificial silk coats in a few colours only. To clear **25/-**

Ladies' Fine Black Glacé Kid two-strap Baretta Shoes, elastic gusset, medium toes and heels. SALE **28/9**

Velour Cloth Costume, cut on newest lines, trimmed fur. Lined throughout silk to tone. In mole, nigger, and beaver. SALE **6 Gns.**

GOOCHS Ltd
BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.3

Tube Station: Knightsbridge. *'Phone: Kens. 5100*



Women who use Pond's

The Dancing Girl

THE dancing girl is especially particular regarding her personal appearance, and always uses the world's two purest and best creams—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream — to promote the health of her skin and the beauty of her complexion. Pond's Creams never promote the growth of hair.

Pond's Cold Cream should be gently massaged into the skin of the face, neck, arms and hands each night on retiring. All through the night the cream performs its work of cleansing the pores and supplementing the natural oil of the skin. So thoroughly is this work done that the skin is sufficiently safeguarded against the winter winds which tend to roughen and redden it. In addition to this, Pond's Cold Cream greatly aids in obliterating all unsightly skin blemishes, lines and wrinkles.

Pond's—the original—***Vanishing Cream,*** used as a day cream, imparts to the skin a delicate bloom, and a faint perfume of Jacqueminot roses.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both creams of all chemists and stores in handsome opal jars 1/3 and 2/6, also collapsible tubes, 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

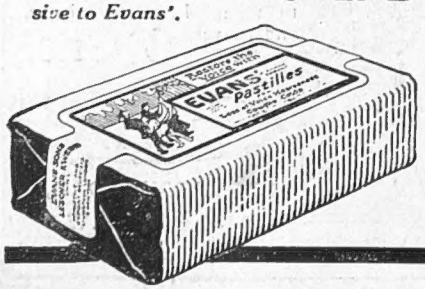
Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

Your Throat is of vital importance!

It is a simple matter to keep the throat in perfect condition with Evans' Pastilles. They prevent and allay throat soreness, loosen and remove any mucous secretions that may be present, and are an effective precautionary measure against bronchial ailments and the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, etc.

See the Raised Bar on every Pastille—exclusive to Evans'.

EVANS' Pastilles



1/3 per Tin. Sold by all Chemists.

Sole Proprietors: Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd., Liverpool and London

ΦEP6

ESTABLISHED 1806.

By Appointment. *By Appointment.*

"Royal Nonpareil"

Scotch Whisky.

"The Flavour of the Peat,
The Perfume of the Heather."

PRE-WAR QUALITY & STRENGTH

Supplied to the leading Social and Political Clubs.

Price List giving details of the above and other choice old matured Scotch Whiskies, sent free on application to

R. STEVENSON, TAYLOR, & CO. Ltd.,
Scotch Whisky Blenders,
428, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow.

Founded 1785

BY APPOINTMENT

GIEVES
LIMITED.

21 Old Bond St.
(Piccadilly End)
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THE ONE HOUSE IN
THE UNITED KINGDOM THAT
SUPPLIES EXCLUSIVELY
MEN'S
OUTFITTING REQUIREMENTS
—ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

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Books · Hats · Silver Goods
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PLYMOUTH
63, George St.

PENBERTHY'S LTD.
388, 390, 392, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W. 1

GREAT WINTER SALE
(NOW PROCEEDING)

Two Special Bargains

SALE LIST POST FREE ON REQUEST

COSY WARM DRESSING GOWN IN RIPPLE CLOTH, FASHIONABLE LONG ROLL COLLAR TO HEM, EDGED SILK CORD TO MATCH IN COLOUR, LONG SLEEVES, TWO LARGE POCKETS, CORD TO TIE AT WAIST. COLOURS: ROSE, CHERRY, PINK, DARK AND LIGHT SAXE, SKY, CARDINAL, AMETHYST.

SALE PRICE **15/9**

VELVETEEN DRESSING GOWN IN KIMONA WRAP STYLE, SHORT SLEEVES, ONE LARGE BUTTON TO FASTEN AT FRONT, FULL CUT. RICH SHADES OF CHERRY, GREEN, ROSE, BLACK, SAXE, PURPLE.

SALE PRICE **35/-**

For Easy Starting

fit a

Send for Booklet and Particulars of our Month's Trial Offer.

ZENITH
CARBURETTER

Zenith Carburetter Co., Ltd., 40-44, Newman St., Oxford St., W. 1
Telephone: Museum 4812-4813. Telegrams: "Zenicarbur, Phone, London."

Estbd. 1766.

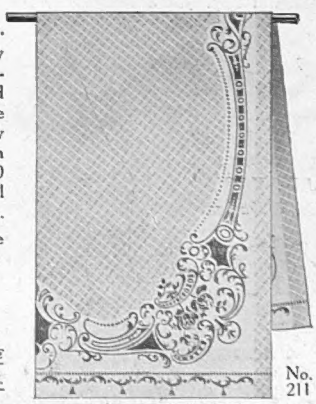
WALPOLES' IRISH LINENS

Money refunded if not satisfied.

The finest the world produces.

Winter Sale
(Now Proceeding)
Guaranteed Quality. Genuine Reductions.
The Lowest Prices since 1914.

Pillow Covers. Lot 19. Forty doz. only. Extra strong and heavy Pure Linen Pillow Covers. Plain to button. 20 x 30 ins. Usual price 6/6 each.
Clearing Price **3/6** each.



Discontinued design to clear at a reduction of 6/8 in the £.

No. 211. Superfine Irish Linen Diaper Towel. Size 26 x 43 ins.
Sale Price, **69/6** dozen.

WE PAY CARRIAGE on all Orders in the British Isles.

SALE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

No. 211

WALPOLE BROTHERS
(London) Ltd.

108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W. 8.
175 & 176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1.
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

Morris Cars

Quality and Ease

"The Car you buy to keep"

QUALITY, indefinable, inimitable, is the hall-mark of the MORRIS Cars. There is something about the look, the behaviour, the *feel* of a MORRIS which places it at once in the first flight of automobiles of breeding.

With an equipment of such quality as is usually found only on cars of the highest price, the MORRIS stands in its own class—the Best Car at the Most Moderate Price.

IT has easy manners; speed on the level and uphill come easily to it; it runs noiselessly, powerfully and *easily*; it is the easiest Car to keep going properly; it is the easiest Car to look after; it is THE EASY CAR.

PRICES.

11.9 h.p. MORRIS-COWLEY

2-seater (without starter)	£225
4-seater ditto	£255
2-seater (with starter)	£255
4-seater ditto	£275

11.9 h.p. MORRIS-OXFORD

2 seater (All-weather)	£330
4-seater ditto	£355
Coupé (2-seater)	£390
Cabriolet (4-seater)	£425

13.9 h.p. MORRIS-OXFORD

2-seater (All-weather)	£355
4-seater ditto	£380
Coupé (2-seater)	£415
Cabriolet (4-seater)	£450

17.9 h.p. MORRIS

Six-Cylinder (2-seater)	£475
Ditto (4-seater)	£500
Ditto Coupé (2-seater)	£550
Ditto Cabriolet (4-seater)	£575
Ditto CHASSIS (complete)	£375

MORRIS MOTORS, LTD.,
COWLEY, OXFORD.

The thought behind the Pipe

If you are inclined to be a "wet-smoker," and many smokers are, you will welcome the introduction of the "JOLLYBOY" illustrated here.

This pipe has been specially designed by the makers of the well-known GBD pipes, to prevent the nicotine-laden moisture in the stem of the pipe reaching the mouth of the smoker. This advantage, obtained by a specially constructed bowl and stem, does not depend on any patent cartridge or filter, and combines the best features of a Bent and a Straight Pipe.

It is light for its size, does not drag on the teeth, and as the bowl is well below eye-level it is particularly suitable for Golfers and Billiard Players.

Every highly polished briar bowl is specially hardened and the easy draught indicates expert craftsmanship. Any Leading Tobacconist will show you a selection.

City de Luxe

5/6 *"JOLLYBOY" Regd. Design.*

City de Luxe 5/6 (Special Shapes, Prince and Army, Silver Mounted, 6/6)

City Pipe, Silver Mounted .. 3/6

City (Three Star) Pipe, Metal Mounted .. 2/6

Trade Enquiries to

OPPENHEIMER'S

38, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2. Est. 1860.

THE proved power and reliability of the ROVER "EIGHT," of which there are now over ten thousand in the hands of satisfied and enthusiastic owners, has resulted in the introduction for 1923 of a Four-Seater Model illustrated below. This is a marked advance upon the open type of car with dickey seat, as the extra accommodation is built into the car which may be enclosed with hood and side-curtains. The rear seat has ample room for two children or one adult. All 1923 Models have better body work, improved finish, and many detail improvements, representing unequalled value.

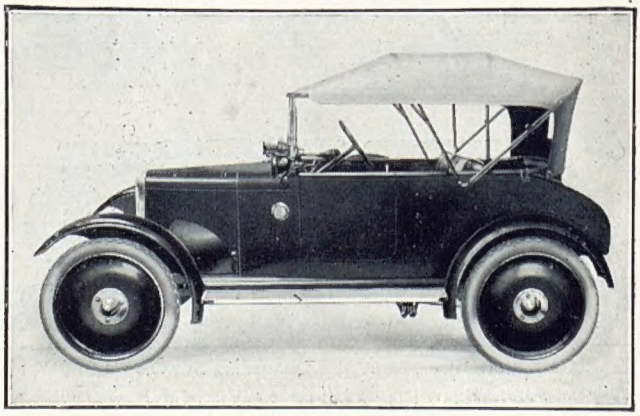
The full range of Rover Models includes: 12 h.p. Chassis £415; 12 h.p. Two-Seater £525; 12 h.p. Four-Seater £550; 12 h.p. Limousine Coupé £650; 12 h.p. Coupé (Drop Head) £675; 12 h.p. Saloon £775; 8 h.p. Two-Seater £180; 8 h.p. Four-Seater £190; 8 h.p. Two-Seater De Luxe £200; 8 h.p. Four-Seater De Luxe £210; 8 h.p. Coupé with Self-Starter £240. Self-Starter on 8 h.p. Models, £15 extra. So far as can be foreseen at present there is not likely to be any further reduction in the prices of Rover Cars during the 1923 season.

Send for Catalogue.

THE ROVER CO., LTD., COVENTRY, 60/61, New Bond Street, London, and Lord Edward Street, Dublin.

ROVER

"The Car that set the fashion to the World"



The 8 h.p. ROVER FOUR-SEATER. Price £190.

The Bystander, January 10, 1923 No. 997. Vol. LXXVII.

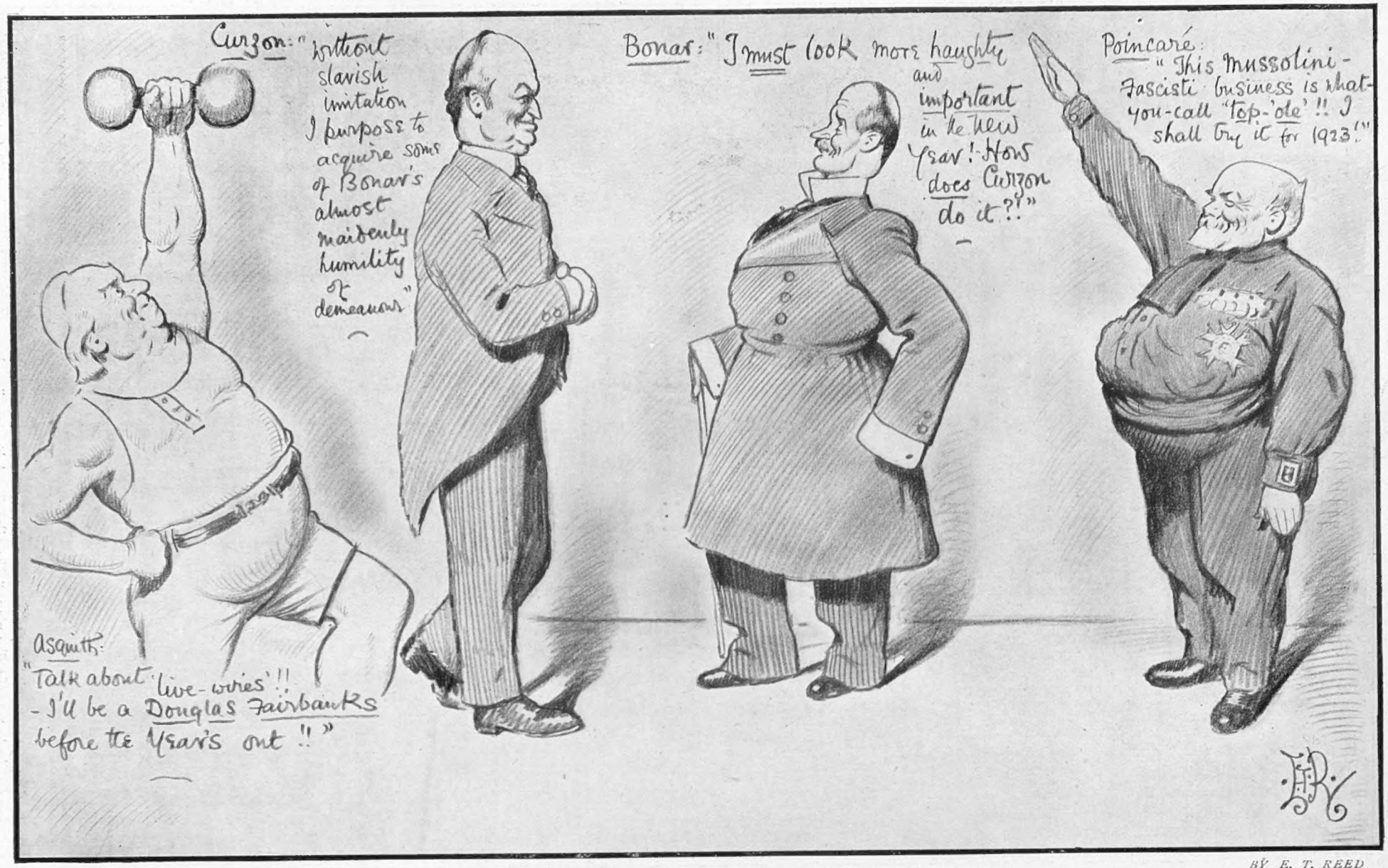
The BYSTANDER

Drawn by Alan Stern at a special sitting for THE BYSTANDER

THE HON. LOIS STURT

Sister to the present Lord Alington, who succeeded to the title in 1919. An actress of parts, she charmingly portrayed Nell Gwynne in last year's film play, "The Glorious Adventure." She made her début on the legitimate stage last month as "Rosetta" in "Arlequin," the new masquerade at the Empire

Ring In The New



BY E. T. REED

A SOMEWHAT HEAVY-HANDED REFORMATION

This is admittedly a season of reconsideration and of remedying palpable defects where possible, but we do hope that our political friends will not go and *overdo the thing*!

"All the World's a Stage"

Follow the Hun

THE suggestion to link up the Firths of Forth and Clyde by means of a canal costing a trifle of £50,000,000, or thereabouts, is once again receiving attention, and supporters of the scheme are reminding us that similar strategic waterways are being executed in Germany. Strange how variously the example of Germany is brought to bear on current problems. One scheme is right—because the Germans are doing it. Another scheme is wrong—again, because the Germans are doing it.

Yes—And No!

THEY argue this and they argue that;
From each a different answer pat:
Short is short and long is long—
The Germans do it! It *must* be wrong!

They talk all day and they can't agree;
For each is certain as he can be:
Black is black and white is white—
The Germans do it! It *must* be right!

Optimism—and a Tip

WE are told that Trade will boom in 1923, and, also, that there is no possible hope of a revival during the next twelve months. Further, we are assured that the finances of the country are in a hopeless state, and that, in view of the enormous revenue surplus, another shilling will be knocked off the income tax. It is all very puzzling, but I am one of the optimists, and I am putting my own personal surplus (nineteen and sixpence) into Home Industrials.

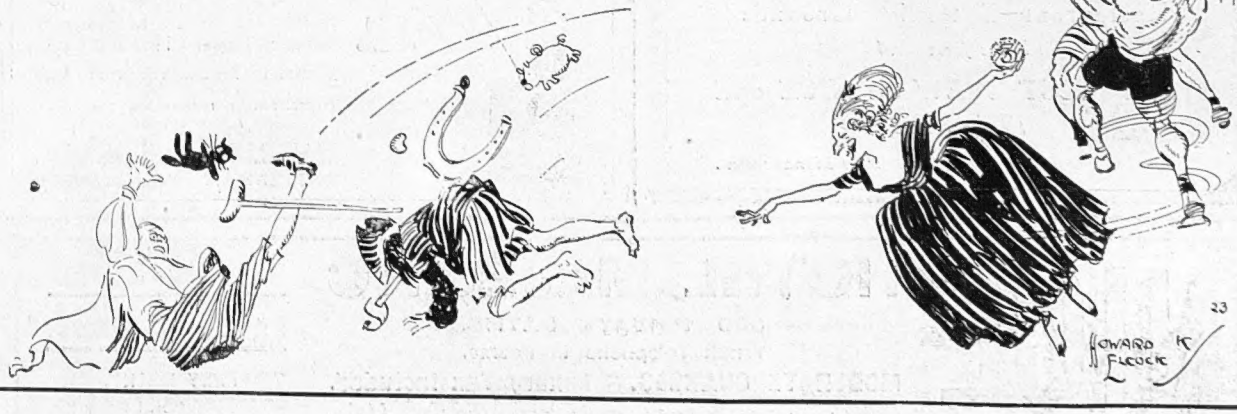
A Word to the New Rich

WHILE on finance, I am glad to see that the hospitals have got their £500,000, and that their future is assured—for the present. It was a most magnificent rally, and we should shower congratters on those splendid enthusiasts who literally stood us on our heads and shook the money out of our pockets. But, looking ahead, it is very much up to the New Rich to see that the same desperate remedies don't have to be applied again. Before the War, the hospitals were safe in the hands of the moneyed class. Those generous givers of yesterday are not in a position to give now as they gave then, and it is up to the New Rich to realise that they have inherited obligations. Our eyes are upon them.

Those Super-Fillums

SIR OSWALD STOLL must have been reading his BYSTANDER. In a recent issue I permitted myself to doubt the ultimate value to the cinema industry of the American super-film. What I said then in a passing paragraph Sir Oswald has repeated in a weighty column of closely reasoned prose. I think I was right. I think Sir Oswald is right. In fact, I think we are both right.

(*Continued on page 73*)



ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
GROCK & "PARTNER," ALFRED LESTER & CO., MARIE DAINTON, VERA LAVROVA, BERT HUGHES, LAKE & BARRASFORD, Etc.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645 & 8886.) THE ISLAND KING.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATS., WEDS. & SATS. at 2.15.
W. H. BERRY, Nancie Lovat, Dorothy Shale, Louie Pounds, Peter Gawthorne, C. M. Lowne, George Bishop, Alfred Clark.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Matinées, Thursday and Saturday at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand, Phyllis Dare.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). JOSE COLLINS
in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LOHR.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
THE LAUGHING LADY.
Leslie Faber, Violet Vanbrugh, and Marie Löhr.

NEW (Reg. 4466). Nightly at 8.30.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
THE GREAT WELL by Alfred Sutro.
MATHESON LANG, Laura Cowie, Mary Jerrold, Reginald Owen.

PRINCE OF WALES. (Ger. 7482).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Mon, Wed. & Sat, at 2.30.
THE CO-OPTIMISTS,
(5th Programme),

ST. JAMES'S. (Ger. 3903).
Matinées Daily at 2.
"PETER PAN"
EDNA BEST. LYN HARDING.
Every Evening at 8.30. "THE HAPPY ENDING."

If pussy has her milk—will you not see that the little ones at

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

have theirs? £28 pays our milk bill for a month; £1 for a day; 5/- will pay for one infant in milk for a week.

Chairman - - - - J. GOMER BERRY, ESQ.
Vice-Chairman - - MAJ.-GEN. LORD CHEYLESMORE, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O.
Treasurer - - - - ROBERT MOND, ESQ.
Medical Director - ERIC PRITCHARD, ESQ., M.D. M.R.C.P.

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER.

NICE-CIMIEZ

EXCELSIOR

HOTEL REGINA

400 Bedrooms with Bathrooms—Suites
Restaurant—Extensive Grounds

Inclusive from Fr.45

The FINEST VIEW on NICE and ITS BAY

New Management.

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St. E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free).
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON S.W.3.

The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER

Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.

DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.
Secretary:—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C. B. E.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S 'BYSTANDER' are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, INCLUSIVE:

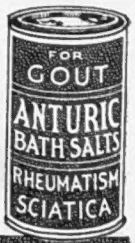
	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including "Bystander Annual")	£3 3 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months	1 11 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months	0 15 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

Spa treatment is superfluous.

GOUT GOES

Put Anturic Salts into your bath, and GOUT GOES out of your system, as do Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and kindred ailments. GOUT GOES because the Uric Acid deposits are expelled in Nature's own way, through the skin.

The relief obtained from your first Anturic Bath is immediate and decided. Subsequent baths will dispel any slight return with certainty. No trouble, no travel, and the expense is negligible.



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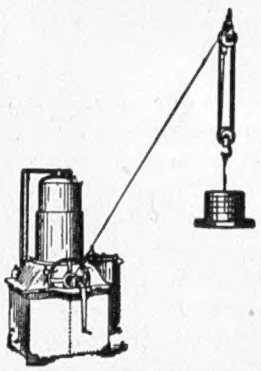

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Farmers Going Broke

IF the British farming industry is to be saved the Government will have to be quick about it. While they are appointing their experts, agriculture is going broke. I know it is the fashion to laugh at the farmer, and to suggest that he has made more money than he can spend, but the cold truth is that he is heading for the Bankruptcy Court at a gallop. Those tenant farmers who took over their holdings are, many of them, beyond salvation, and others are in similar case. Farming can't be learned in one generation, or in two, and what is the use of having the land if we haven't men capable of farming it? Tell me that!

DOCTOR "DOLLAR" By H. H. Harris

At the Ring

WATCHING a fight at the Ring, in Blackfriars Road, the other evening, I recalled the fact that the place was once a church. And I bethought me that if the Church, or a section of it, persists in its foolish opposition to a great national sport, it is not unlikely that still more places of worship may become boxing booths. After all, the whirligig of time *does* bring its revenges!

Hard on the Heavyweight

TALKING of boxing, I have just met a man who claims to have knocked Joe Beckett out as he was never knocked out before, and will, let us hope, never be knocked out again. It happened in the old days when Joe was touring the fairs and laying 'em out at a bob a nob. Arrived in a certain Cotswold village, our heavy-weight champion was passing one of those try-your-strength machines, when he got in the way of the mallet, and was knocked senseless, having to spend quite a long time in the local cottage hospital as a result. Such is the tale as it was told to me, and the fact that Joe could come up smiling after such an experience is a wonderful tribute to his powers of endurance.

Unlucky Theatres

I DON'T know if you are sick and tired of reading about *Polly*, the sequel to *The Beggar's Opera*, which has enjoyed the greatest Press boom since Rostand's *Chantecler*. It is an axiom in the theatre that the less you say about a play before production the better, but *Polly* doesn't seem to have suffered on this account. On the contrary, it looks like placing that "unlucky theatre," the Kingsway, on a sound commercial basis. There is, of course, no such thing as an "unlucky theatre." The Shaftesbury was considered unlucky, and so was the Aldwych, until *Tons of Money* brought them the tide of prosperity in full flood. Even the Gaiety was being looked at askance, until Robert Evett and José Collins turned that island site into a veritable Treasure Island.

Pirates Four

TALKING of *Treasure Island*, produced at that other "unlucky" theatre, the Strand, does the phenomenal success of the Stevenson play mean that the taste of our young people is becoming more robustious with the passing years? Is the Pirate of *Treasure Island* going to make the Pirate of *Peter Pan* walk the dramatic plank? I am half

inclined to think so. And what a boom in piracy we are experiencing at the moment. The skull and cross-bones is flying at the Kingsway, the St. James's, the Strand, and, of course, the Savoy, where Sir Charles Hawtrey is still Apple-Jacking to our hearts' content. As the jolly knight might sing at his next party:

We're four jolly sailormen,
Come up from the sea—
Lyn Harding, Pitt Chatham,
Arthur Bourchier—and me!
We're famed for our villainies,
And earn lots of pelf—
Lyn Harding, Pitt Chatham,
Arthur Bourchier—and self!

Faëries in Fashion

MIND you, the Pirates won't have matters all their own way, for the Christmas play, as distinct from the pantomime, is enjoying a big boom at the moment. Nearly every West End theatre seems to believe in fairies as a matinée attraction, and next year we shall be receiving visits from similar shows that are graduating in the provinces.

By Alfred Leete

THE ALLIED PARROT

Nice New Notes

THERE has been no end of excitement in suburban homes because an ordinary man went into an ordinary bank and was given an ordinary golden half-sovereign. Myself, I fail to catch the thrill of the transaction. Being a conservative sort of person, I regretted the passing of the sovereign and its little brother, but I don't want to see them back again. For one thing, they were more easily lost and quite as easily spent as the Treasury Note, and, for another, I had one of the nicest pocket-cases that you ever saw given me this Christmas. Which is quite a sufficient reason to please even its feminine donor. When Treasury Notes are new they are a very pleasant means of exchange, while when they are old—but, like Peter Pan, they never do grow old. Not in *these* trousers!

1923 (Portents and Prophecies)

MR. BONAR LAW:
This is my official fiat:
Peace, tranquillity, and quiet! . . .
(I trust the balance at my bank will
Suffice to keep me fairly tranquil!)

MR. ST. JOHN IRVINE:
The British drama is a joke;
Playgoers, stupid, brainless folk!
For Art's sake (not, of course, for pelf!)
I'll write a play or two myself.

MR. F. J. NEWBOULD (*The Communist M.P.*):
Red revolution is the goal
That calls the Communistic soul.
"Down with the Plutocrat—the viper!" . . .
(Moscow will always pay the piper!)

MR. C. B. COCHRAN:
Cosmopolitan plays for me—
Art is my aim, plus £ s. d.!
(I've just unearthed a lovely Zulu
To "star" in "Happy Honolulu.")

"MARGOT":
Although my Henry never looks
Inside my fascinating books,
My industry is undiminished. . . .
(Another one is nearly finished!)

MR. H. H. ASQUITH:
My hopes for perfect peace this year
Will not be realised, I fear—
I view with very mixed sensations
The threat of further "revelations."

MR. H. G. WELLS:
Two thousand years hence "men like Gods"
Will walk the earth—not human clods!
Of course, one thought all envy quells—
There won't be any H. G. Wells!

MR. PATRICK HASTINGS (*K.C. and Labour M.P.*):
Labour has always been a craze
With me—I live laborious days—
And WHEN it rules there ought to be
A cushy job in it for me! E. L. ROBERTS

By Victor Hicks

MANY WERE THE FISHERS AND THE FISH WERE MANY

Society on Skis

MISS VERONICA LIDDELL
Making "tracks" for home

LORD AND LADY PLUNKET
Who are spending their honeymoon under these ideal conditions. And who can blame them?

MISS HAWKES
Enjoying what has been so aptly termed "The joy of ski-ing into deep untrodden snow"

WINTER IN WONDERLAND

At St. Moritz, Queen of the Engadine, where the "brave and the fair"—and you *have* to be brave!—throng the Cresta and Chantarella Runs. St. Moritz is just now the magnet that draws all Winter-Sporters—expert and looker-on—for this week will see the opening of the Great Ice Gymkhana, the Skeleton Race (Lady Ribblesdale's Cup), and the International Ski Races

Photographs by Central News, Topical, and Short & General

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

THE RANEE OF PUDUKOTA

The possessor of a charming villa near Cannes, and a popular Riviera hostess

Rumour's Progeny

I HOPE the immediate *démenti* from St. James's Palace itself of the quasi-definite notices of the Prince of Wales' engagement, first to an Italian Princess and later to the daughter of a well-known peer, will put an end to this kind of rumour.

It isn't cricket. If there is anybody in England who has done, and is doing, his job it is the Prince. We all know what he gives to the country. As an individual he has the same right that you and I have to our domestic affairs being left to our own decision and discretion without any suggestion or interference from outside. As the Prince of Wales, all that he has done and is doing should protect him from the annoyance of his name being publicly linked with that of a foreign princess. It is hard upon the Prince that the garrulous suppositions of chambermaids should find their way into English newspapers, but you will remember that it was a footman who was really responsible for a sensational announcement of Princess Mary's engagement to the heir of a ducal house which appeared some time back.

My good people, whenever you see announcements of Royal engagements that are based on rumour or supposition, don't believe a word of them. Only the official announcement tells you the truth. These matters are so closely guarded—it is a point of honour and loyalty with all those outside the Royal folk immediately concerned to say nothing—that nothing can be taken as definitely sure and certain until the King has given his consent.

So, to sit up and talk of the Prince's possible marriage to such and such a Princess, and go off at a tangent into questions of change of religion, "arranged Royal marriages," and all those etceteras, is all my eye and Betty Martin—and the worst of bad taste.

It goes without saying that the country is anxious to see the Prince married, and it is equally true that H.R.H.'s marriage with an Englishwoman of high degree would be immensely popular. But times are changed since heirs to the British throne married subjects. Royal duties now require hard training.

It is a *secret de polichinelle* that two dames of high degree might now be wearing the princely coronet of Wales, and the ducal coronet of York if they had not felt the position entailed too great a sacrifice of the independence and freedom of movement to which they had been accustomed from their childhood.

To be for ever in the public eye, to spend the greater part of life in representation and public ceremonies, to feel that your first duty is to the country — these things only come naturally to those who are bred to them from their babyhood.

Photograph] AT ST. MORITZ *[L.N.A.*

Lady Curzon and her son and daughter, Mr. John Duggan and Miss Marcella Duggan

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY

Recently she and a companion motored in a small car from Boulogne to Rome, whence she is now returning. Her husband has lately been elected to the House of Lords as a representative Scottish peer

In these democratic days Royalty has become a profession. But, unlike all other professions, the training begins in the nursery.

More Rumours

THIS is not the first time that the names of Princess Yolanda of Italy and the Prince have been bracketted together. But I've lost count of the number of people Princess Yolanda has been announced as about to marry—Austrian Archdukes before the *débâcle*, and lastly the heir to the Belgian throne.

I think the *rumouristes* fix on the Italian Princess because there are scarcely any other eligible princesses in Europe left, and likewise because of the story—I repeat it with all reserve—that she has never been confirmed in the Roman Catholic faith. The gossips tell you that since the Princess has not been confirmed she would not be leaving the Church of Rome if she became a Protestant. But is the story of the gossips true?

The House of Savoy is Roman Catholic, and from my knowledge of Italians I can hardly imagine it possible that a Princess of that house would be deliberately cut off by her parents from all that confirmation in the Roman Catholic faith involves, on the possibility of a future marriage with a Protestant Prince.

Tragedy

TRAGEDY seems to mark some families for its own. We all remember the sad death of the late Countess of Cottenham, killed by the trigger of her gun catching in a twig, it was thought, in the year before the War. Her husband died two years ago at the early age of forty-five, and now their elder boy, who had just come of age, has fallen a victim to pneumonia whilst spending the Christmas holiday with his aunt, Lady Brassey. The Cottenhams are descended from the same family as the diarist, Pepys. The late Lady Cottenham was a daughter of the late Lord Abergavenny, and, as Lady Rose Nevill, was one of the most beautiful of the young women of her time.

Photograph *Alfieri*

COURSING IN HAMPSHIRE

At the Avon Valley Club's three-day meeting at Downton. Left to right: The Misses Christie Miller, Mr. Tryon, Mrs. Christie Miller, Mrs. Heseltine and Colonel McCalmont

Hunt and County Balls

LONDON was denuded of people last week for the hunt and county balls which were taking place all over the country. On one night there were as many as ten. But of them all the Stamford Infirmary Ball at Stamford brought what newspapers used to describe as "the most distinguished company." Lord and Lady Ancaster brought a large party from Grimsthorpe; Lord and Lady Exeter another, even bigger, from Burghley House, and Sir Leonard and Lady Violet Brassey one from Apethorpe Hall. Lord Lonsdale and Lord Ivor Churchill were amongst the stewards, and there was a big gathering of leading folk in that part of the world.

The Royal Marriage à la Mode

THE Greek Royal Family was the first to set the example of marrying outside the charmed circle of Royalty. It began with ex-King Tino's brother, Prince George, marrying a quasi-royalty, a daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte, and granddaughter of M. Blanc, who created Monte Carlo and a prodigious fortune at the same time.

Then another brother, Prince Christopher married the vastly wealthy Mrs. Leeds, and his niece, daughter of the Grand-Duchess George, married Mrs. Leed's son.

Now the Grand-Duchess George has followed and married a captain in the Greek Navy. She is ex-King Tino's only sister, and married the Grand-Duke George twenty-two years ago. Since his death she has spent most of her time in England.

The Grand-Duke George was a

Photograph *Sport and General*

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Captain Lidderdale, M.C., of the Dorset Imperial Yeomanry, and Mrs. Selby-Lowndes, widow of the late Mr. Cecil Selby-Lowndes, outside Brompton Parish Church after their marriage last week

Photograph *Bassano*

A PICTURESQUE WEDDING GROUP

The bridesmaids struck a new note at the marriage of Mr. Alan V. Insole and Miss Denise du Cros on New Year's Day, by wearing Spanish mantillas and embroidered fringed Spanish shawls. Mr. Alan Insole is well known in art circles, and his beautiful house in Cheyne Walk, with its objets d'art and exquisite taste, has for long been the venue of many of the younger artistic set

brother of the Grand-Duke Michael, and of Anastasie, Grand-Duchess of Mechlenburg-Schwerin, who is so well known on the Riviera.

What will happen to the children of dethroned sovereigns is a problem. Like Prince Aage of Denmark, who has joined the French Foreign Legion because he can't live on his Army pay in Denmark and has nothing besides, many of them will have to earn their living somehow. Royal private fortunes have been hit more badly than any others by the European *débâcle*, since the bulk of so many of them were invested in Germany and Austria.

I hear from Palermo that ex-King Tino and his family find hotel life so costly that they are looking out for a villa at Florence.

This Week's Frontispiece

FOR some time past Miss Lois Sturt has been one of our leading amateur actresses. She has now entered the "profession," taking the plunge in *Arlequin* at the Empire. And a very successful plunge it is, for although it is only a small part, that of a maid at an inn enamoured of Arlequin, Miss Sturt seizes every point in the character.

Miss Sturt is the sister of Lord Alington, and consequently a niece by marriage of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst. In addition to acting, Miss Sturt has done work for the films, as in *The Glorious Adventure*, in which Lady Diana Cooper made her first appearance as a film actress.

The Winter Distress League

LADY CARISBROOKE has asked your Bystander to appeal to you to help the Winter Distress League, of which she is the patron. I know something of what the League has done in helping men out of work, and how it has equipped men and their families who would have lost chances of emigrating to Canada and Australia for actual lack of clothes. The Winter Distress League is not a "charity"; it is a means of help from those who have to those who have nothing.

It has been established to help those suffering through inability to obtain work, by giving them necessary clothing, boots and bedding. Clothes, etc., are distributed as far as possible in the localities from which they come. So, if you have anything in the way of clothes or boots—or if you have no superfluity of these, and can squeeze out a cheque—of your charity send one or the other to the Winter Distress League, 34, Great Cumberland Place, W. 1. If you can spare anything you will be helping a genuinely unemployed man. Just now boots are needed more than anything else, or, failing boots, money to buy them.

Photograph L.N.A.

AN IRISH WEDDING

Captain E. Boylan, D.S.O., M.C., R.H.A., and Miss Eileen O'Brien, the daughter of Sir Timothy and Lady O'Brien, after the ceremony at Blackrock, Dublin

Double Dummy

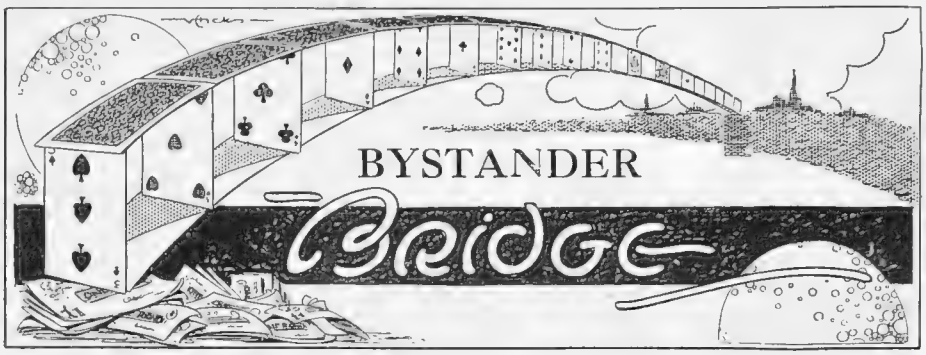
WE'VE all heard astonishing stories of Government spending during the War, but this story, if true, reaches the highest watermark. A man living on the Thames had a steam launch. During the War it was commandeered by the Government. But it remained at its moorings, and nothing happened until one day its owner received a cheque for £6,000. Time passed, and still the launch remained where it was. Then to his amazement the owner received a second cheque for £6,000. He wrote to the Department concerned pointing out he had already been paid, and that the second cheque had obviously been sent in error. The only answer he received, as the Irishmen said, was silence.

To Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

Photograph] THE SEARCH FOR "THE TOMB OF KINGS" *[Central News*

Mr. Howard Carter (second from the right), Lord Carnarvon's able assistant on his recent expedition to the Valley of the Kings, where they successfully disturbed the dust of old King Tut-Ankh Amen, after it had rested for some 3,300 years or thereabouts



By
A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"SORRY I revoked, partner. It must have been temporary aberration of intellect."

PARTNER: "What makes you think it's only temporary?"

. . . . . .

Of all partners I dislike most those who play Bridge as though they were at a funeral, and knew their feet were getting wet.

. . . . . .

They cast a blight on the table as soon as they sit down. Morose and taciturn, they resent any kind of chaff. They don't like you to smile or laugh. They look at you with sullen hatred as if they deplored the fact of your existence. They sit with corrugated brows and dejected mien. They sigh heavily with marked disapproval when you play a card. There is no sign of pleasure when they win, but only a slightly added gloom when they lose.

. . . . . .

They are worse than the loquacious "Jonahs" who are constantly telling you of their losses and bad luck, or who remind you of disagreeable incidents of long ago. I suppose they get a perverted pleasure from the game, but they certainly deprive Bridge of all its gaiety. I wonder if they ever see themselves in a looking-glass.

. . . . . .

There are players who seem to regard good cards as their natural right. If now and then they have a bad hand, they are resentful about it as a distinct oversight on the part of Providence. I am told there is no such thing as a good or bad card-holder. But I don't believe it. Certainly, it conflicts with my experience. I have watched certain players over a period of years, and am convinced that there are some who consistently hold more and some who consistently hold less than their average of good cards. It is not mere superstition that in most clubs there are some few players who are notoriously bad and good card-holders. Often it is a case of tempering "the wind to the shorn lamb." The weak player holds the best cards.

. . . . . .

I dare say I could be proved incorrect by mathematics. Cards, it is said, average themselves out in the course of a stated period, say, a year. If exact account were kept a player would get, roughly, an equal number of good and bad hands in a twelvemonth. That may be true *generally*. But there are exceptions. There is no real reason why a player's luck should not take five, ten, fifteen years or more to average out.

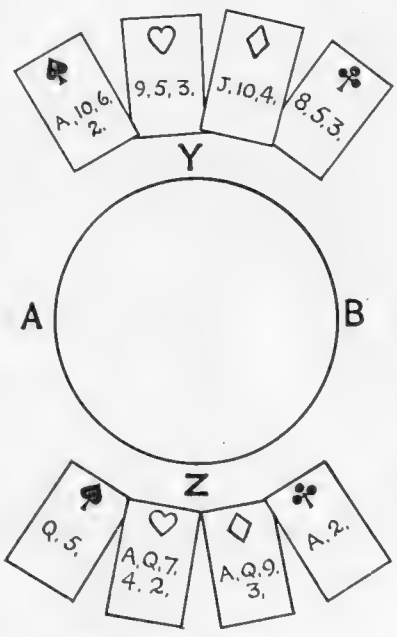
. . . . . .

But don't abuse your luck! If things are going wrong, grin and bear it. No one wants to hear your Bridge troubles except, perhaps, the wife of your bosom, or the girl of your heart. She doesn't really, but I dare say she will feign a sympathetic interest.

. . . . . .

Besides no one really believes you if you say you are unlucky. They think it is probably your own fault. They may recommend you to give up Bridge and try Ping Pong or Snap.

. . . . . .



ACTUAL PLAY. PROBLEM I.

Score: Game all. A, B, 20. Y, Z, love.
B deals, and calls "One Club." Z, "One Heart"
All pass
A leads Jack of Clubs
How ought Z to play to give himself the best chance of making game? Give your reasons

Illustrated is the first of the Actual Play Problem Competition for which Prizes are offered as follows:

FIRST PRIZE	£5
SECOND PRIZE	£3
THIRD PRIZE	£1

It must be understood that these Problems differ from double dummy problems. Z (the declarer in each case) has only dummy before him, and does not know the contents of his opponents' hands.

The correct solution, therefore, depends upon the reader discovering the method of play which *is most likely* to give the best results. Not a certainty, but the best chance.

. . . . . .

Solutions, marked "Bridge Competition PROBLEM I," must reach THE BYSTANDER Office on or before January 17.

There will be six problems in all. No correspondence can be entered into over the Competition, and my decision must be regarded as final.

AT MONTE CARLO

Lady Crosfield and Monsieur G. M. Simond, the famous lawn tennis referee, at the La Festa courts

ON THE GOLF LINKS AT CANNES

Sir John and Lady Dashwood on their honeymoon. Sir John is the Premier Baronet of Great Britain

Photographs E. Navello and Sport & General

LAWN TENNIS AT MONTE CARLO

The Duke of Westminster and Mr. A. C. Hunter at the Christmas Tournament on the La Festa courts

The Riviera Week by Week

THE holiday season on the Riviera is, more than almost anywhere else, a period of extreme gaiety. It gains double strength from the fact that the large English colony lets itself go thoroughly at Christmas—in which it has the active support of the authorities, the hotels and the Casinos—and then breaks out into all sorts of gaieties again a week later, when the French celebrate the New Year in their own joyous style. Open-air sports are, of course, a feature of the season not possible in northern climes, but indoor festivals on a magnificent scale took place this Yuletide all along the Côte d'Azur.

THERE were gala dinners and dances in all the leading hotels on Christmas Eve. An excellent performance of *Carmen* was given at the Casino at Cannes, followed by a *réveillon* supper, at which a large number of well-known people were present, and dancing continued well into the next day. On Christmas morning the Croisette was thronged with smart people, and a display of swimming, fancy diving and water push-ball, introduced from California by a local physical culture expert, attracted a lot of attention.

In the afternoon there were parties for the children, and Christmas trees seemed to provide as much amusement for the elders as for the younger generation. Special dinners, with all the traditional dishes and decorations, filled the hotels in the evening, many of the leading villa residents bringing house-parties for the occasion.

SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON EVANS has arrived at the Beau-Site at Cannes, accompanied by Lady Evans and their son and daughter. It is nearly two months since the son met with a serious motor accident, and he came straight from a nursing home to complete his recovery in the South. I saw his father at the Golf Club the other day with Mr. Ian Macpherson, who still looks far too youthful to have been already Under-Secretary of State for War, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Minister of Pensions.

LADY DERBY arrived at the Grand Hotel at Cannes on December 29 with Captain and Lady Victoria Bullock and the Hon. Oliver and Lady Maureen Stanley, and Lord Derby followed two or three days later. Lord Wolverton and Lord Charles Montagu, who are also staying at the same hotel, are frequently playing golf at Mandelieu. Other guests here are Miss Hilda Emmott, niece of Lord Emmott, and Sir Ernest and Lady Hodder-Williams. Sir Ernest, who is head of the great publishing firm of Hodder and Stoughton, was ordered a month's rest by his doctor, having been overworked for some time. Contrary to a recent report, Lord Tredegar is not expected here this month, and his yacht, the *Maid of Honour*, will not be seen on the Mediterranean this season, as it is at present out of commission.

Photograph Sport and General

AN AMBASSADOR AT PLAY

Mr. Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador to France, on the golf links at Cannes. In the group are his son and daughter and Capt. L. H. Norton, not to mention an "odd" caddy or two

AMONG recent arrivals at Cannes are Lord and Lady FitzAlan of Derwent, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Vickers, Sir Montague Barlow, M.P., Minister of Labour, who is at the Montfleuri, and Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres, who is, as last year, visiting Lady Wavertree. The Bridge Club at the Cercle Nautique has been reopened, under the presidency of the Grand-Duchess Cyril of Russia, and

Photograph *Sport and General*

A DIFFICULT "APPROACH"

Lord Derby with his son, the Hon. Oliver Stanley, and his daughter-in-law, Lady Maureen Stanley, ferrying across to the 10th tee on the golf links at Cannes

devotees of the game could wish for no more pleasant surroundings than these handsome *salons*. The first of the *diners-dansants* will be held here towards the middle of January, and meanwhile the Sunday afternoon dances are the rendezvous of all the more prominent visitors to the district.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL

Playing in the Beau-Site lawn tennis tournament at Cannes

ALL the tennis world congregated at the Beau-Site courts at Cannes during the first week of the year for the tournament, and most of the leading players of the day will take part. Mlle. Lenglen made her first public appearance of the season here, and this alone is sufficient to ensure a huge attendance. The Lenglens and Tildens of the rising generation had their opportunity on the 5th, when a tournament on American lines was held at the beautiful Cannes Lawn Tennis Club for children between the ages of eleven and sixteen.

AN unusually large number of well-known Americans are staying in Nice this winter, and entertainment on a lavish scale marked the Christmas and New Year holidays. At the Hotel Negresco the party included Mr. George M. Cohan, the popular playwright and actor, and his wife and family. At the Majestic, the Riviera Palace, Ruhl's, the Regina, and Royal one hears practically nothing but English spoken. Mrs. Milton Robbins, who spent many seasons here, cheered a great many families by sending 1,000 dollars for the poor children of the town.

RECENT regular players at the Cannes Golf Club include Lord Rocksavage, Sir Reginald Butler, Sir George and Lady Pulteney, Mr. Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador in Paris, with his son and daughter-in-law, and Mr. L. H. Norton, Mr. Napier, Mr. Owen Nares and Mr. Seton Henry.

Photograph *Sport and General*

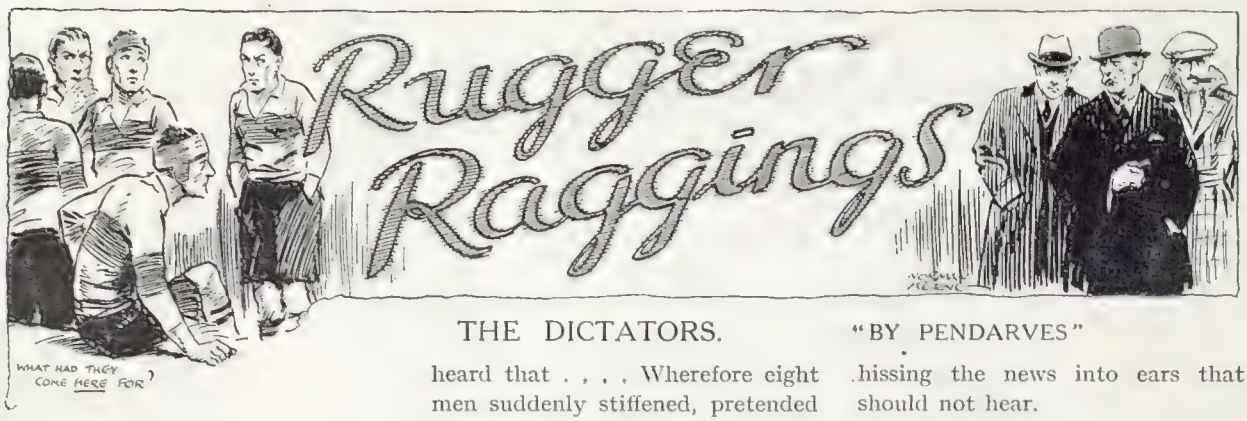
LORD WOLVERTON

Driving from the second tee at Cannes

Photograph *Le Noir*

LADY WAVERTREE'S HOUSE-PARTY AT VILLA EDELWEISS

From left to right our photograph shows (sitting): Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres, the Hon. Mrs. Stonor, Mrs. Bennett, and (standing) Mr. Francis Stonor, Major the Hon. E. A. Stonor, the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, and the hostess, Lady Wavertree



THE DICTATORS.

"BY PENDARVES"

ONE wonders who they are, these nebulous gentlemen of the Selection Committee, who settle the ultimate destinies of all aspirants for the greatest Rugby honour? They are, of course, known by name to a few of the elect, the people "in the know," as it were. Even I, an earthworm, happen to know their names, and played against one of them ages and ages ago; I can't swank any further than that. But to the great majority of players, I am sure, they represent a small, self-formed Committee of Neros, who look at each other when some poor brute has missed a place kick, and shake their beards gravely without speaking. And *that* player is finished for all time! Their influence, of course, is magnetic and far reaching, like a powerful wireless radial. I was at a big club game a few weeks ago, and while talking to old friends in the dressing-room below the Stand, the rumour was flashed round, and subsequently confirmed, that three members of the Selection Committee had arrived. Whereupon men, who had been repeatedly told by their admiring friends that they "ought to get a Cap this year with any luck," and had as repeatedly responded "don't be childish, my dear old thing," now began to pull nervously at their stockings, unlace and relace boots, readjust jerseys, and scrum caps, and behave generally like boys about to be hauled before the Prefect's Common Room for smoking in the dormitory.

What had they come *here* for? Was it to see whether Smith and Jones (two of last year's English team) had gone off? Was it because of the dearth of full backs?

No. Somebody was heard to say, with a voice of one speaking with authority, they had come here looking for three-quarters, and had heard that . . . . Wherefore eight men suddenly stiffened, pretended they hadn't heard the last speaker's remarks, and became strangely silent and morose thereafter.

And the play that afternoon; what a mess they made of it! What would otherwise have been a fast, open club game, with men playing for the side and not themselves, developed into a series of exhibitions of "I'm here, sir, please, sir, look at me"; in other words abortive attempts at crass individualism. Very natural, of course. I should do the same myself. But imagine the weekly difficulty of those holders of the final edict of selection. Whenever it is known that they are present, people usually play their very worst, from excess of zeal. Possibly that is why they cover their movements in a cloak of secrecy. Though even as princes of the blood royal find it difficult to travel about incognito, because some loyal idiot starts bowing and scraping, so with the Committee, a lunatic of a groundsman recognises one of them and runs about hissing the news into ears that should not hear.

By C. H. Golden

HUMPH!

"She said the world was a desert before she met me"
"No doubt that explains why she dances like a camel"

Another game they play, these Dictators, is a subtle one with the International Pawns themselves; men who literally saved the side against, say, Wales last year, but who have unaccountably fallen off a bit this season, and become under suspicion. They are moved back with relentless fingers from "England," in a Trial Match, to "The South"—just to show them, etc. With the result that, frightened to death, or very annoyed, according to their temperaments, they play the game of their lives, and are reinstated—and breathe again.

The most amusing thing is when certain of my brothers of the Press rise up in their wrath to smite the Committee. Thus you have some octogenarian authority saying in his weekly "Rugby Ruminations" that he is "at a loss to understand why so-and-so, who plays with such consistent brilliance for the Bacchanalians, has not been given a trial," and generally concludes with some such remark as "it really is a mystery to us (nobody knows who 'us' is) on what method the Selection Committee base their choice, etc."

Strangely enough, the Dictators go calmly on, unmoved, despotic, and unthanked. They give no written reasons for their actions. They are some of the few notabilities living who have never been interviewed, photographed for the picture papers, or hounded out of public life.

They are nearly always right (on the whole), and they seldom say "I told you so," when England wins. That is the queerest thing of all. . . .

By the way, the Selection Committee did not ask me to give them a leg up this week.

Neither is my son one of the possibles. Because I haven't one.

BY LAURIE TAYLER

PALETTE-ABLE

"GENTLY, BOY!"

Photograph J. Ritchie

LONDON CLUB TYPES

BY "ANTHONY"

Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN

I WAS walking slowly up Savile Row when George Henry overtook me. He was making a detour of a shop window like a dog dodges a house where another dog lives that has once bitten him.

"Come and have a cocktail at Hind's," he said, when we were safely past his tailor's.

Hind's being just round the corner, and the hour a quarter before one, I accepted.

If clubs such as White's, Brooks, Boodles, originated from the old coffee-houses of the Regency, Hind's may be said to inaugurate a new era that has sprung from cocktail bars. It was started really as a meeting-place for fellows interested in horses; the younger blood of the cavalry, fox-hunters, racing men, an occasional super-turf accountant, and so forth. George Henry, who, until his father put a stop to it, used to hunt from November to March, and race in the intervals, was just the type, in fact, he was an original member.

He is also a member of the Carlton, his father being a well-known Conservative peer. But the Carlton is not quite George Henry's *milieu*. He prefers sitting on a high stool sucking iced gin through a straw, to imbibing knowledge while the rulers of his country discuss politics.

Hind's has a cocktail bar—a very good one. The barman is more than a mere mixer of drinks, he is to George a philosopher, a wise counsellor, and a complete encyclopædia on all problems of modern life.

No. V.
"A COCKTAIL AT HIND'S"

He (the barman) can always say, without looking at the paper, what won the 2.30. George Henry, too, can say what *ought* to have won the 2.30, but that isn't quite the same thing.

George Henry's father is a respect-inspiring old gentleman, who only under the most unavoidable circumstances dines without dressing. His manner towards servants is courteous, but dignified.

George Henry is a 1922 product. His nearest approach to an earthly deity is the worship of his own convenience. To have to dress for dinner if he doesn't feel inclined, to be unable to smoke in the room where he eats his food, to want to talk and not be able to, these things have an effect on George that is visibly depressing. In other words, on the rare nights he has to put on a boiled shirt and dine with his uncle at the Melchisedec (an even more conservative club than the Carlton) he looks bored to tears.

But at Hind's George Henry is the life and soul of the party. The barman knows him so well he only has to take one look at his face to mix him the drink he wants.

George Henry was most amicable that morning. He pressed cocktails upon me, and sent for a fresh dish of salted potato chips. He asked me to stay to lunch, and when I said I had to go followed me to the hall, pressing me to reconsider it.

"'Fraid I can't," I told him.

"I say, old man," he said as we reached the porch, "you haven't such a thing as a fiver on you—I've just heard of a certainty for the last event, but, unfortunately——"

"No, George," I said, sternly, "it only encourages you. But, look here, why not come and lunch with me?"

Next Week:
No. VI.—"DINNER AT THE GAG"

The Probe of Amity

"Hundreds of schoolboys have taken out licences for wireless sets."—DAILY PAPER.

LET there be hate between us two, we said,
When I had punched his head,
And he, what time my jealous anger rose,
Replied upon my nose.
Alack! the friendship of a dozen terms
Is one with dust and worms.

Let us forget now all the games we played,
The doleful ducks we made;
The goals we did not score, but cared no wise
With friendship in our eyes;
Since we, for whom one crib made prep. a jest,
Have failed the final test.

I could have watched him wreathed with honour's bays
And added, too, my praise;
Had I been crowned he would have cheered like fun—
But that is past and done.
My range is thirty miles . . . but his high-power
Receives from Eiffel Tower.

NEIL BELL

An Explosive Mixture

BY WILMOT LUNT

HE: "Dash it, one of the cylinders is missing!"
SHE: "Well, Jack, you know you're always mislaying things!"

The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass

No. V.—COOÉY-ISM

"YES, Mawruss, there is some people which is so ignorant, y'understand, that they think this here Emile Cooey's book on *Auto-Suggestion* is a correspondence school manual of talking points for automobile salesmen," Abe Potash remarked the other day

"Well, if it ain't, it ought to be—with that name on the cover," Morris Perlmutter said, "which I admit that story-writers can call their books by the names of scrap metal like *Babbitt, Brass,* and *Old Junk* and get away with it, Abe, but at the same time, Abe, if I was writing a story and didn't want people to buy it under the impression that it was a second-hand building material dealer's catalogue, y'understand, I would call it, anyhow, *Hearts Astray* or *Love Conquers All,* or something like that."

"But this here book on *Auto-Suggestion* ain't a novel, Mawruss; it's for people to read who ain't been successful on account of not having enough get-up-and-git, or something, which in former times they laid it to hookworm or the liver, y'understand, but it seems, Mawruss, that nowadays the trouble lies a great deal deeper than that," Abe said.

"Do you mean the gall duck?" Morris inquired.

"Even deeper down than the gall duck," Abe continued. "It's the *Will,* which in former times the *Will* was like the *Conscience* or *Self Respect.* In them days if people didn't have no Conscience or Self-Respect, you said it was their own fault, and let it go at that. Also, if anybody didn't have no Will of his own, you might say to him: 'Brace up and be a man,' but practically the only other treatment you would give him would be not to lend him no money under any consideration whatsoever.

"But nowadays, if a man has got a weak Will, y'understand, it's the same like he would have a weak digestion, understand me. He takes something for it," Abe went on. "He even could go to a doctor for a weak Will and pay five dollars an office call—such strides has science and Incorporated Medical Associations made in the past few years."

"On the strength of their face alone"

Daily Dozens for the Will

"And I suppose this here Cooey's book on Auto-Suggestion is a home treatment like *How I Cured Myself of Stammering* in twenty lessons," Morris suggested.

"Well, it's more like *Obesity: Its Care and Treatment,*" Abe said. "It seems, Mawruss, that this here Cooey has discovered a method where a man with a weak Will can take it out and exercise it every day. Under his treatment, some men with Wills weighing not more than ten pounds French measurement has followed the instructions in the book with such success, y'understand, that in less than six months they had to have V's let into the back of their vests on account of the way their Wills had grown. Also, Mawruss, there was other men which before they took Cooey's treatment had such weak chins that their lower lips practically rested on their Adam's Apples, and after only six of Cooey's Daily Dozen for the Will they was hired at big salaries to be presidents of First National Banks on the strength of their face alone."

"But this here Cooey's treatment for the Will must take up quite a lot of a busy man's time," Morris observed, "which Cooey should have invented a cure for the Will by vaccinating a patient who is suffering from a weak Will with some dried Horse's Will or the serum of a guinea pig which has become immune to disease of the Will from being inoculated with another guinea pig's will, or something, and then a busy man with a weak Will could be cured without detention from business."

"No doubt that will come with time, Mawruss," Abe said, "but at present Cooey has got up a treatment for the Will in which the patient lies on the back with the legs and arms extended and says six times:

"*Day by day, hour by hour, I am growing stronger and stronger and stronger.* He then stands on his feet with the legs apart, and holding the head well back, he

repeats at intervals of three seconds Swiss time:

"*I will be strong, I will be strong, I will be strong.*"

Try it on Your Salesman

"It's a wonder to me, Abe," Morris commented, "considering all the cranks which is writing meshug-geneh books and getting up phony treatments for people who think they've got something the matter with them, that nobody thought of this here foolishness before."

"Well, the chances is they will make up for lost time," Abe said, "and it wouldn't surprise me in the least if a half a dozen near-Cooey's was to come out with books on how to cure such things as *Red Hair*, *Blue Eyes*, or *High Cheek Bones*. Also, Mawruss, the time is ripe for a writer on Bridge to get up a book showing how, by repeating a simple rhyme four times morning and evening, it will be possible for a player to get himself dealt a perfect no-trump hand without actually putting the aces in his pocket before the game starts."

"Still, Abe, I understand that this here Cooey is having quite a lot of success curing people with weak wills—according to the newspapers," Morris said, "and I have been thinking seriously of buying a copy of the book and sending it to Max Immerglick on the Coast. That rotten salesman of ours has been out now eight weeks, and so far he ain't sent us but four small orders. Maybe if we could change the words of this here Cooey's exercises so that they would fit weak Salesmanship instead of weak Wills, y'understand, Max Immerglick could exercise in his hotel rooms mornings before he goes out to see the trade, and then he might have better success with some of them alleged customers of his."

Send Books to the Customers

"Perhaps, Mawruss, it would be better to buy a couple of hundred of them Cooey books, if we could get wholesale rates on them, and ship them to the customers direct," Abe suggested. "Then them tight wads could change the words of the exercises to suit weak Merchandising instead of weak Wills, y'understand, and could take exercises before going down to their stores in the morning. They could stand in the Position A, as shown in the first chapter, and repeat over and over again:

"*Day by day, hour by hour, I will mark down my old stock and take a loss, in order to get rid of it by bargain sales.*

"By that way, Mawruss, they might clear their shelves and start up business by offering new fresh stock to induce their customers to buy again.

"In fact, Mawruss, the more I think of this here Dr. Cooey's cure for weak Wills the more it seems to me that it could be made into an adjustable cure for all sorts of weak conditions, so that instead of a Ship Subsidy, Mawruss, President Harding might have got Brigadier-General Dr. Sawyer to study up on the Cooey treatment and give Mr. Lasker a prescription calling for three sentences of ten words each to be taken after meals four times a day, in which Mr. Lasker would say:

"*Day by day, hour by hour, I will get more passengers and freight for U.S. Shipping Board Vessels.*

"And if that helped, Mawruss, they might extend the same Cooey treatment to all American shipowners and improve the Shipping Business all round," Abe concluded.

"Still, Abe, I couldn't help thinking that this here Cooey treatment ain't going to be so much a permanent cure for weak conditions as it will be a permanent elibi," Morris said. "In the future, if you would say to one of them nuisances who smoke twenty packs of cigarettes a day: 'Why don't you stop before you kill yourself,' y'understand, he would say: 'I'm doing all that's humanly possible to break myself off of the habit. For six months now, morning and evening, I have been standing on one leg with the right arm extended and saying:

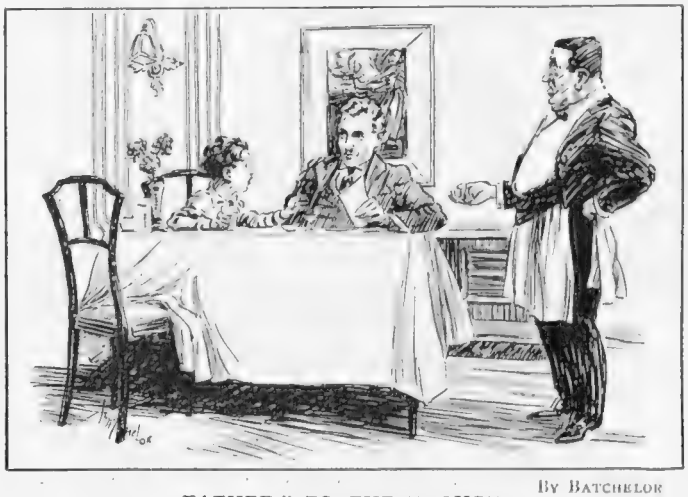
"*Day by day, hour by hour, I am growing stronger and stronger.*

"Furthermore, Abe, I don't see much hopes that the Cooey treatment is going to feed and clothe the family of a weak-willed schlemiel if, instead of going out hustling for a job, he puts himself in Position B, and, drawing a deep breath, lets his family have the benefit of a complete set of Cooey morning exercises instead of breakfast, y'understand."

The Old-Style Punch in the Jaw

"I doubt myself, Mawruss, if Cooey was a relation of such a weak-willed schlemiel's wife, y'understand, whether or not instead of prescribing exercises for his brother-in-law, Mr. Cooey wouldn't recognise that what such a feller needed by way of a cure was the old-fashioned remedy in which Exercise No. 1 was to call him a lazy, good-for-nothing loafer, quickly followed by Exercise No. 2, consisting of what used to be termed in the days before scientific names, a punch in the jaw," Abe suggested.

"And even looking at Cooeyism from the most favourable view of it, Abe," Morris concluded, "it don't seem to me to be so much a scientific affair as a matter of making New Year's resolutions every morning, and breaking them every afternoon."

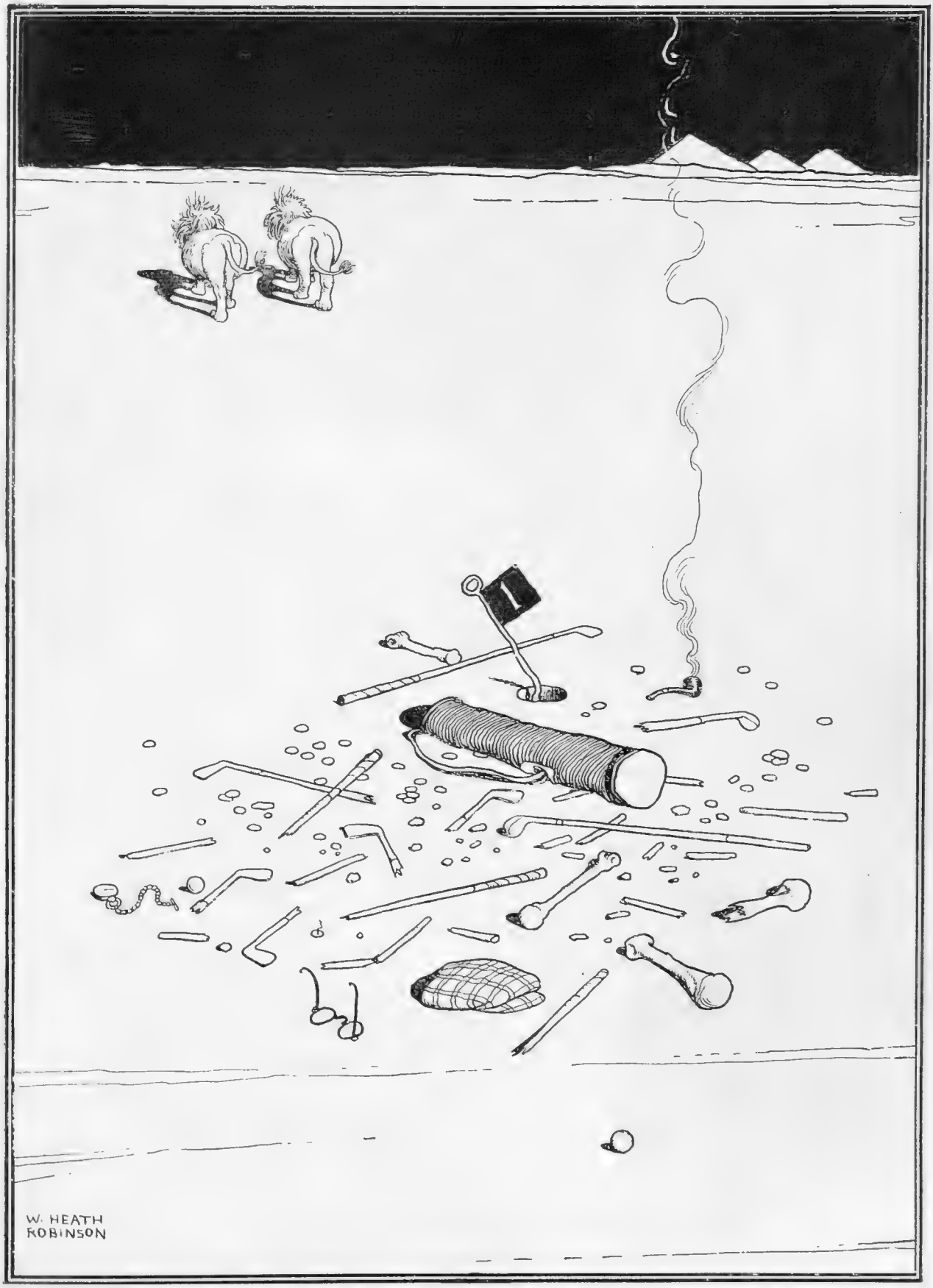


By Batchelor

"FATHER" TO THE THOUGHT

Polite Little Boy (*as waiter's hand fails to withdraw*): "*Go on, daddy; he wants to shake hands with you!*"

The Great "Divide"



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

ONE IN TWO

A tragedy on the Sahara Golf Course

CINDERELLA AT THE HIPPODROME

BY "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

Produced on 21st December, 1922

THE sensation of this pantomime is, undoubtedly, the "Enchanted Lake." According to a note on the programme this lake contains "18 tons of real water." I am myself not expert at appreciating the quantity of liquid by the ton, and I should have thought the management's explanation would have been more understanded of the common people if they had expressed the figures, say, in pints. It would seem more homely. As to the "real" water, I have always understood that a disastrous reality is the distinctive feature of this class of goods. It's the other stuff they dilute so heartlessly.

THE tremendous feature of the lake is that it is situated in the middle of the stage, and "water-nymphs" walk down a flight of steps leading to it, disappear under the water, and are heard of no more. Wherever they emerge it is not in sight of the audience, so that the illusion is complete. I presume a careful toll is kept of the water-nymphs, and that they are counted with some anxiety later on when they are taken up and dried and put away for further reference. There may be a million surplus women in the country, but the most reckless optimist would hardly expect to be able to deal with them as we deal with the unwanted kitten.

THE idea is that just as Prince Charming is wandering about with the glass slipper which is to enable him to identify the lovely girl who danced with him at the Ball, an ill-bred Demon comes up and knocks the treasure out of his hand into the lake. It is the business of the "water-nymphs" to recover the slipper, and in due course one of them emerges from the depths of the lake with the slipper in her hand. The illusion is presented with much skill, and it is an extremely pretty notion. The rest of the scenery is in accordance with the highest traditions of spectacular pantomime. "The Forest" is a delightful woodland

scene that is so natural in appearance that it is difficult to believe that it is not really alive, as you might say, and the applause with which it was greeted made me half-expect the giant oak to bow its acknowledgments.

IT is usual to present Cinderella's elder sisters as extremely plain young persons. Indeed, in some versions of the story they are called with rather cruel bluntness the "Ugly Sisters." And you never call a lady ugly to her face, because if you did she would not believe you. Miss Dolly Harmer is one of the sisters, and while she has, apparently, taken some pains to make herself look quite ordinary, she is very jolly about it. The other sister is represented by Mr. Bert Errol, who, so far from being ugly, makes quite a good-looking girl. Indeed, there must be a fair number of ladies who would like to look as sweet as Mr. Errol does in his published photograph in which he is impersonating one of the opposite sex. But Mr. Errol's leading feature is his soprano voice, which seems unaccountably to have omitted to break itself at the usual age. The programme calls it a "big, brilliant coloratura soprano," and I should think it was quite that. Mr. Errol's appearance on the stage is so completely feminine that it is not surprising that he should find it necessary now and then, by the introduction of a distinctly masculine note, to intimate that he is really not one of the girls at all. He would not so readily whip off his mass of wavy golden hair if he were.

THE illusion of the conversion of the giant pumpkin into a glittering coach is very well done. The coach, with its miniature ponies, comes sailing placidly out of the kitchen fireplace just as if it had been trotted straight down from the chimney pots, and it appears to have been painted from

end to end with electric light. It is usual for managements to stretch the cash-box a little where Cinderella's coach is concerned, but few managements can have succeeded in so agreeably combining much wealth with nice taste. It is in this scene that the

CINDERELLA – DAISY BURRELL AND CAT – FRED WHITTAKER

demons of the story are at their sinful work again. They come bouncing up through trap-doors, and disappearing through panels in the wall, with a most disconcerting rapidity. I can easily imagine that a chap who had dined in the West End before going on to the theatre would sit the performance out stolidly without commenting on the phenomena to his neighbour, in case the things were not really there.

PRINCE CHARMING is very adequately represented by Miss Clarice Mayne, whose appearance quite justifies the compliment. Miss Mayne sings and dances with the proper kind of roistering pantomime spirit, nicely refined by a quality peculiarly her own. Perhaps her greatest hit is when she comes on the stage with a chorus of children with whom she is obviously very popular. Cinderella is very daintily represented by Miss Daisy Burrell, who, in addition to her expertness in her singing and dancing turns, has the advantage of an agreeable sense of humour, which is sometimes lacking in more dignified representations of the part. But after proper deference has been paid to the ladies, it must, I think, be admitted that the hub of the show, as it were, is Mr. Stanley Lupino, whose quiet, homely humour keeps the laughter going very diligently. Mr. Lupino is "Buttons," the pageboy, whose affection for Cinderella, alas! goes unrequited. I mean, if a girl has got the choice between a pageboy and a Prince, she can hardly be blamed if she finds, after the most careful consideration, that the dictates of her heart incline her love in the direction of his Highness. True love is a sweet quality, and the man with diamond buckles on his shoes can always have it for the asking.

STANLEY LUPINO AND A TIT-BIT.

WHEN Cinderella goes to the ball, Buttons is left outside the shining palace gates. But a good fairy soon comes along, and with a touch of her wand changes his attire with lightning rapidity into a suitable outbreak of court dress. Another smart little illusion. The reversion to rags, as it were, on the stroke of midnight, is also most effectively accomplished. Mr. Lupino has a song-scene with a clever little child whose name I was not able to find on the programme; and I am sure I am not expected to look for her among the "Nymphs, Demons, etc." Two very strenuous humorists are Messrs. Nervo and Knox, who, besides supplying the usual acrobatic fun, give, as a special turn, a dance by a Roman gladiator and a Lady of the Period, which is a very laughable affair indeed. Among the "Immortals" that appear during the pantomime are our old friends Clown, Columbine and Pantaloon, whose fleeting show may be judged by some to be all too brief. Up to the present I have not seen any other pantomime in London, so that it would be rash of me to say the *Cinderella* at the Hippodrome is the best in Town. But I can say that if a better or more gorgeous one is to be found, it must be wearing a halo. I can safely add that *Cinderella* is the completest entertainment of the kind I have ever seen. JINGLE

CLARICE MAYNE AS PRINCE CHARMING

A View Hulloa on

THE LINLITHGOW AND STIRLN

The Linlithgow and Stirling Foxhounds—that famous Scottish Hunt—are well known south of t
"Sheila" carried several valuable prizes back to their kennels at Corstorphine. Much of the hun

the Firth of Forth

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

NG—A FIND IN THE ROOTFIELD

Tweed on account of their many successes at the Peterborough Shows; last year "Spiteful" and
ng is done on the banks of the Forth—real banking country, with better cover than one would expect

AND WHAT THEN?

A NEW SERIES OF SHORT STORY COMPETITIONS

No. II.

The Bright Eye

by

E. P. Leigh Bennett

"HULLO, old boy! By Jove, it's good to hear your voice again. When did you get back? I've been ringing you up at intervals for some days. Well, are you all right *now?* Good. Shouldn't dabble any more in those vaccines, or whatever it was that made you ill, if I were you. And I'm sorry for your horde of patients with that stuff-pot of a *locum* of yours, doing duty for five months. I've got some wonderful news for you. You're dining with me at the Carlton to-night. I'll tell you then. Yes you *are*. Oh, be a pal, for the Lord's sake! Right. Eightish. Bye-bye."

David Aitken, specialist, at the very summit of his career, and, therefore, bereft of illusions about most people, toyed for a moment with the green cord of the telephone thoughtfully.

A great boy, Hubert. He, David, had prolonged the father's life, as far as medical science had made that possible, in his early practising days, and had formed a friendship with the laughing little Etonian, as Hubert Warren then was, which had been sealed the more firmly when, later, he had built the youngster up from the shell-shock wreck that Hill 60 had left him. Aitken was *ami-intime* now at Stoke Moor, their lovely place in Yorkshire, whenever the fetters of Harley Street were unloosed. Old Lady Warren had always kept that bedroom with the gorgeous view over the moor exclusively for "the doctor."

She was a V.D.H. subject herself now, and might go off at any moment. But she knew it and was sensible. Meanwhile she lived in and for her beloved son, and could hand over the great estate with a peaceful mind to a fine representative of the Warren breed. . .

"David, old boy," said the younger man at dinner, "you *must* come down to-morrow. You know the mater will be tickled to death; she always is to see you. By the way, she's been a bit groggy lately—that old heart of hers." A shadow swept across the boy's face. "But she bucked up tremendously when Mim went down. Who wouldn't? Dave, Mim's *so* lovely. You can't think—— s'cuse me." He broke off, flushing, and fingering the stem of his port glass self-consciously. "It's a wise man who goes to South America for a joy-ride and brings back a bride—like mine—what? But you shall see for yourself. You come down with me on the 3.5 to-morrow until Monday."

. . . . . .

The boy's *fiancée*, Mim Herbun, certainly did fill the picture, Aitken reflected, as he studied her critically across the dinner-table. Tall, athletic, with the dark hair, clear skin, and superb teeth of the American woman. It was a good old Southern family, too, the Herbuns, he remembered. Nice clean stock. Yes, the old baronetcy would be none the worse for *that*, in these democratic days. None.

She pushed a large electric candelabra to the side a little, the better to shout a jest at Molly Scriven on his left. And then, under the full glare of the electrics, he observed her eyes.

And, observing them, he leaned forward quickly, all the professional side of him prodded sharply into alert watchfulness. She was making a gigantic effort.

Why?

Those were not bright eyes. They were dangerously dull.

The flushed cheek, as she bent towards Molly, was very cleverly artificial. The skin below that subtle surface would be chalk-white. The slim fingers round the stem of the champagne glass were not entirely steady. Again why?

A sudden suspicion at her jerky mannerisms, mounting to a clamorous certainty, slid into his mind.

As he watched her, concealing his professional scrutiny with the ease of long training in a fashionable world, other and more deadly signs began to be signalled to him. Then she motioned to a footman for water in her tumbler. Surely she won't do it? Here, before them all! But she was far spent.

He, doctor first, social jester second, held his conventional place in the table small talk, the prattle, as the long dinner eked its way through, watching grimly, covertly, for her next move. If she could do it now, unobserved, if she *must*; if

(Continued on page 96)

A Happy Part of a Happy Ending

Photograph *Bertram Park*

MISS ELIZABETH IRVING

The grand-daughter of Sir Henry Irving of honoured memory, and daughter of the late Mr. H. B. Irving. She is appearing as "Joan Cradock" in Mr. Ian Hay's new comedy, "The Happy Ending," at the St. James's

"AND WHAT THEN?" (*concluded*)

she could not even wait until the ladies left—then her's was a bad case indeed. But what was it?

Not deryol? No, the pulse beats in the throat seemed too regular for that, and there was no emaciation. Viromin? Possibly; but the white arms were unpricked. Interesting, very. He had forgotten, now, the human poignancy. He was merely studying the case in the detached, analytical manner of his calling. A clear case. Nothing could be clearer. She had waved a negative to the dessert. Curiously large signet ring she wore on that finger. Ah! She had dipped forefinger and thumb into the tumbler momentarily, as if by accident, without even glancing furtively about her—with practised ease, in fact. He was now enthralled. Clever bit of work, that. What is the drug, though?

She gulped the water down, laughing at "This chronic thirst of mine, Hubert, dear. . . ."

And almost immediately the eyes brightened. Perceptibly. It was as if a veil of lassitude was being slowly raised from her chin to her hair. She began to hold the whole room with a witty prohibition story, entrancingly told. Her bright eyes held them all, men and women.

Aitken was now quite sure. And when the men were alone he walked round the table, took her empty chair, and raised the tumbler to his nose.

Aloin—good God! The poor boy. Is it possible? Yes, there was no doubt. The faint, sweet smell, as of honey, was still there. And, of course, one grain from the back of that ring—easy.

. . . . . .

Hubert slipped into a chair beside him, proferring cigars.

"Well, old man? What do you think of her? I'm pretty damned lucky—what? I don't deserve it, of course."

"Very, Hubert, very." His training saved him again, for the moment, and Hubert's attention was claimed by another cigar-seeking guest. And they were going to be married next month. He, the clean-lived youngster—and she. . . .

And then? . . .

He was the boy's greatest friend . . . and a doctor, treading upon the fringe of professional etiquette. But there was no doubt. None.

Should he, at once? . . . Or, perhaps. . . .?

He fingered an unlighted cigar, frowning thoughtfully into space.

QUERY:—

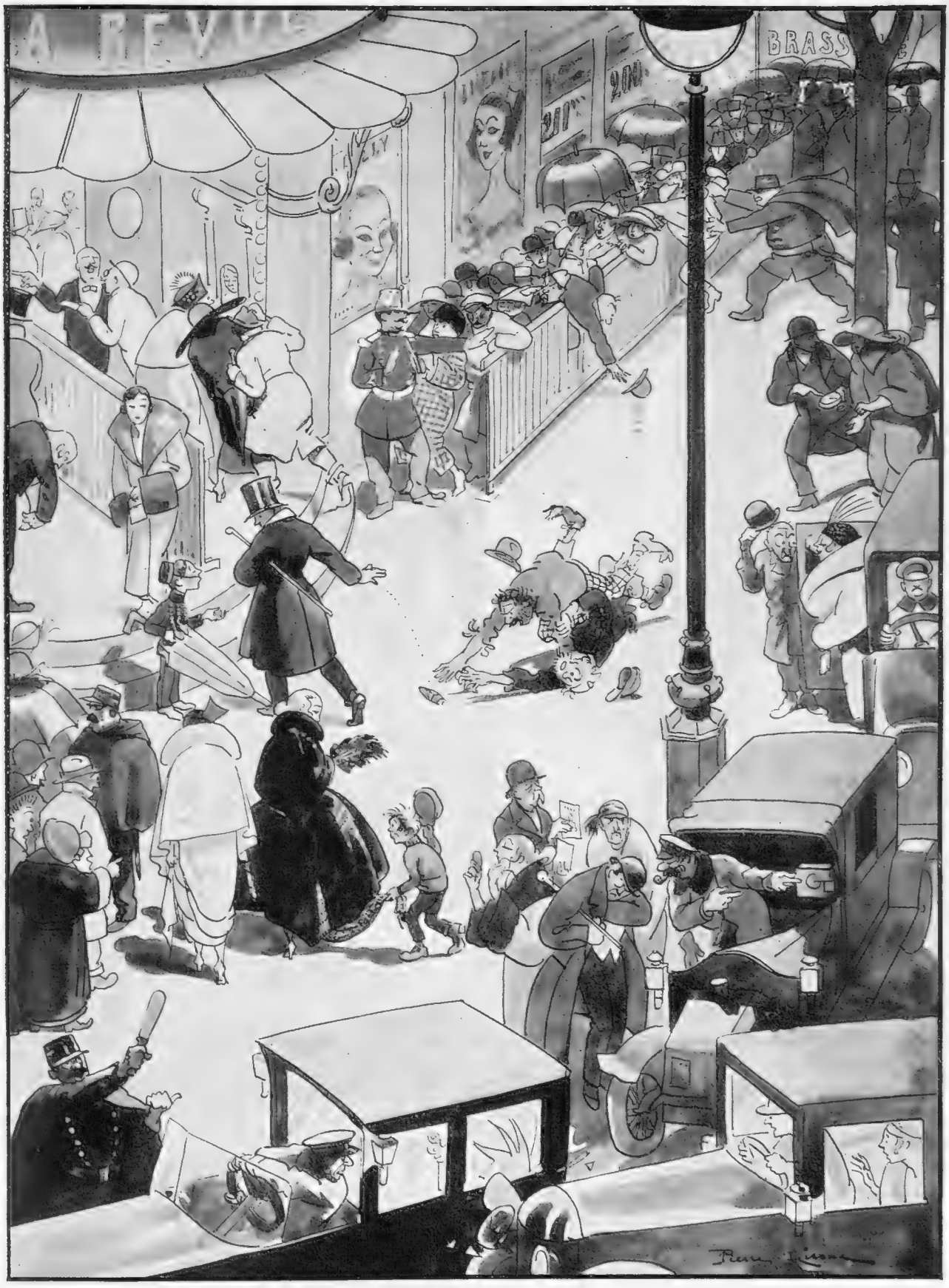
What does Aitken do?
How does the story end?

A cheque for ***Five Guineas*** *will be sent to the reader who, in the estimation of the judges, sends in the best solution of David Aitken's difficulty. Solutions, which should be as brief as possible, must be received not later than first post on Wednesday, Feb. 7th. Envelopes should be addressed to The Editor and marked "And What Then?" Competition.*

Photograph "POLLY"—WITH A HISTORY, IF NOT A PAST *Sport and General*

Mr. Ducat (Mr. E. Thornley-Dodge), his Majesty's amorous representative on the island where Morano and his roystering band of pirates land. Here they carry on the rollicking fun and care-free existence that we learnt to associate with this same hero, who, as Captain Macheath, "charmed our ears" in "The Beggar's Opera"

Les Boulevardes Bouleversés



BY PIERRE LISSAC

L'HEURE DES THÉÂTRES

A diverting impression of a typical Parisian scene outside the theatre "of the moment." The Gallic confusion is as delightfully indicative of Paris as the queue-entertainers would be of our London theatre crowds

The Oasis

Photograph *Donald McLeish*

"*. . . . . Knowing not,*
The Stranger here shall with your spirit take
Into his heart a kinship unforgot . . . . . ."—JOHN DRINKWATER

NEW SERIES

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN

II.—THE WOMAN OF THE THEATRE

By DELL LEIGH

HER horizon is a mirror, reflecting Herself.

A mirage, usually, shimmering an ultimate magnificence of caste, theatrical and social. With her at the head of the bill, the necessary space or disparity of type dividing her from the mediocres—mere bulwarks of her brilliance.

She lives in a world of introspection, wherein a kind of mental autopsy is being continually carried out on the failings of others in the same line of business. The sitting-room of her flat, which she shares with another, until they quarrel over the same man, or conflict for the same "lime" in the same show, is devoid of personality. Seeking, round the walls, on the sofa, in the bookcase, for her attributes, her tastes, the quality of her mind, you find nothing.

There is an arid waste of photographs, framed in *passe-partout*, of stage celebrities, all signed with a profusion of affection in flourishing hands—but little else. Though on the mantelpiece, propped against a Rose Day collecting box (a souvenir of scalps, when she wore white and stood outside the Berkeley under a shower of silver) there will be the stern visage of an officer in uniform; possibly two of the same man, signed curtly "Bobbie." The second when he changed into Staff kit, and was ordered imperiously to be "taken" again.

They are both unframed, these two photographs, and thumbed about the edges, and here lies a hint of her harassed hours, when she used to glance feverishly down interminable casualty lists.

But all that was a long time ago; during the run of "Think It Over." She has forgotten him completely. Indeed, he only flicks into her mind now when some very young man asks her if she has ever really loved? And then she says, "Ah, *once*, yes," with a wealth of sadness in her voice as she points a powder-puffed hand towards the confusion on the mantelpiece.

It is not in her flat, in her home, that you need seek to wade into the waters of her character. After all, the flat in Long Acre is not lived in. It is only a receptacle for sleep, for a few hours of the twenty-four. It is merely a hanging cupboard for an accumulation of clothes ("all duds, my dear, take it from me"), an *endroit* for fixing up social appointments by telephone; or for having white-hot rows with "that fool of a woman who thinks she can make frocks—the idea!"

No. It is in her dressing-room that you will see her as she really is. That is where she lives, moves, and has her dramas. Assume she has, by devious methods and some talent, raised herself above the ruck of Chorus. In a common dressing-room for eight you cannot study her, since she is exactly like the other seven, all of whom are talking great nothings at the same time and in the same key. She has "got round him—not a word, h'sh!" to give her the room at the *end* of the passage, out of the draught which blows up the stone stairs cruelly from the stage-door.

You have only reached the eminence of her second-floor dressing-room by a process of *largesse* and whisperings and telephony between the pipe-smoking churl at the street door, the fireman and the call-boy. You are made to feel that you are highly favoured. That this is a grave departure from the discipline of theatres. That there must be many others who are flung nightly into the outer darkness of the street at the mere suggestion of invading the privacy of Miss Yyvian Valèrie at her work. Your hand wanders to the appropriate trouser pocket accordingly. You pay toll. A tax upon theatrical intrusion. There are many toll-keepers.

A grim, watchful woman in a black alpaca dress smiles wanly as you squeeze into the tiny room, and continues to fold away intimate garments in a drawer.

"Miss Valery's 'arf way through 'er number; won't be a minute; make y'self at 'ome," is all she says, and she is gone, to deal with the lesser half of Mrs. Marshall's Guinness a room or two away.

You glance round quickly under the white blaze of naked electricity, the bulbs multiplied by three in opposing mirrors. Certain objects stand out, forcing your attention upon them. A sheaf of congratulatory telegrams, strung together with baby-ribbon, upon the wall, which on close inspection seem to have come largely from members of this same cast. But some from others who sign themselves with pseudonyms, such as "Kiddie," "The Babe," "Freddie the Frightful," etc. There is a similarity about their benevolence, too. The words "all the best" seem to predominate. On the floor mascots; black cats with stiffly erected tails, grotesque dolls, furry animals of no known species, and a trophy or two of Armistice Night, in the shape of doll's heads mounted on

long sticks. And again the array of the *passe-partout* photographs of "Stars." All the firmament shines down upon her, saying "To darling Vyv." Is it that they love her so? Or is it that they, too, collect symbols of the professional faith that is within the smiling eyes—and that they have hers, and all the others, because it is the thing to do? The actual towel-covered table is the altar of her sacrifice. For here, before a triple mirror, she sacrifices six nights a week, and two matinées, the clarity of her young skin to the scorchings and searings of multitudinous sticks of grease-paint and tins of glutinous creams. You feel that here, on the little cane chair, before the altar of the mirrors, is where the woman's real soul is laid bare. It is here that the deadly concentration of her mind is spent. Here that the unspoken thoughts are indulged, while deft touches are applied to enlarged eyes and freshened cheeks.

There is a scurry of feet on the stone stairs and shrill laughter. You hear her voice raised in playful repartee. "Same to you, with knobs on!" and she enters. Every room she comes into is an "entrance." Even her own. She gives a quick start of surprise, flings out both powdered arms in welcome, and says:

"My *dear*, how nice of you to come!"

Although she had asked you to, at lunch, that very day.

She sits you down and tells you *verbatim* and *seriatim* exactly what she said to the Stage Manager, the natural enemy of womankind. You listen, amazed at the adjectival eloquence. The monologue drifts to a summary of the failings of a cast injudiciously collected and grossly overpaid. Of her own numbers ("*so* glad you like them"), and of the lack of appreciation of art by "these people up from the suburbs, *you* know." All the time she talks she is either being changed adroitly by the dresser into other garments behind a screen, or scanning her stiffened eyelashes anxiously for flaws in the construction. Her sentences are punctuated with staccato dabs at her face and neck from a pot of powder at her side.

And yet behind all this artificiality of mind and body, this hot-house conversation and elastic convention, there is a woman who, you happen to know, has thrice in the last two months given two-thirds of her Friday night salary to a professional sister in distress.

"Now don't be silly, Moira, my dear, I may be in the same boat myself any day; you never know," as she presses the Treasury notes into the tear-stained hands.

And every Thursday at the matinée, the Newington Causeway shops having closed early, her father, known to his neighbours by the triumvirate title of "Watchmaker, Jeweller, and Optician," creeps stealthily into the back of the Pit, with a smile and a nod to the policeman, in time to hear her big number, "Roses and Radishes." He leans on the rail in the gloom, throat choked with emotion, eyes wet with pride at the sight of her, standing in an aura of glory before the multitude of the packed stalls. "Before all them swells."

In his view, at least, she is "*some* artist, an' no mistake."

Yet he would never intrude upon her, later, at the *Thé Dansant* at the Savoy.

"Them there places are not for me—not likely."

Though they have become unquestionably hers, by a prescriptive right of fickle fame and grace of form.

He would be a dull, tarnished setting to the jewel. Alloy, not eighteen carat, with the possibility of becoming twenty-two.

And while she is speeding thither in somebody's car, buried in moleskin fur, he is trundling towards the Causeway on a fourpenny bus, with a lowly heart full of pride.

So all is well with both of them.

Photograph TWO YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS *Topical*

Margaret and George Mercer-Nairne, Lady Violet Astor's children, at the meet of the West Kent at Hever Castle, the residence of their stepfather, Major the Hon. J. J. Astor

NEXT WEEK—

No. III.

THE OPEN-AIR WOMAN

"Don't Tell!"

Photograph *Humphrey Joel*

MISS FAY COMPTON

A recent portrait taken outside Linden House, Trevor Square, where Mr. and Mrs. Leon Quartermaine are living. Miss Fay Compton evidently enjoys a tête-à-tête exchange of "Secrets" with "Polly with a Past"

Another Conference

BY H. H. HARRIS

"RED" INFLUENCE AGAIN AT WORK

PEKINGESE POPULARITY

DOG CHARACTER, "FASHION" AND LONG LINEAGE

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

IN mediæval times (just prior to August, 1914) the ladies—God bless 'em!—were some of them displaying a certain amount of, let us say, indiscretion, in the matter of their little Dogs; in the restaurants of the West End, *par exemple*; and I remember a dear old gentleman who in his time owned some of the most exquisitely ugly Bulldogs I ever saw, informing the Town from the portals of the Carlton that:—

"Oh, yes; they're crazy over their Pekingese to-day, but it's just Fashion. In a year or so the breed 'll be forgotten, and the gels will have taken up the African Hairless, or Mongeese, or something; though, mind you, some of these Pekes have got masks worth lookin' at, too."

"Just Fashion!" Well, the jade *does* dictate a good deal, you know. But, great as was the popularity of the little aristocrats from Peking in those remote pre-War days, it's unmistakably greater to-day. Consider their special Shows; all popular and well attended—Jermyn Street last month; Olympia yesterday; Manchester in a fortnight from to-day; London again on February 1 (Pekingese Club); again on March 15 at Lambeth Baths; again at Ranelagh in May; and all the time, in their serried battalions, at every general Show—a wonderful steady "Fashion"!

Several correspondents on the brink—newcomers to Dogdom, you know—ask me for reasons; and justice forbids my answering with the single word, "Fashion." No. I'm bound to admit there's more in it than convenience for carrying under the arm, keeping healthy and happy in confined Town quarters, small feed bills, and—"Just Fashion." Here, then, as I see it, are the factors that count most; though I'm not suggesting they are the exclusive monopoly of Pekingese:—

(1) Social qualities: They're astonishingly companionable; entering understandingly into human conversation, and avowedly more dependent on *you* (attaching more importance to *your* society) than on external conditions and environment. Intelligence, will-power, memory, and a curiously human sort of self-respect and dignity which makes 'em quite startlingly teachable, *albeit* self-opinionated, self-reliant, full of character.

"Two thousand years of jealous selection"

(2) Healthy, robust, keen, clean, good (though small) feeders, easy to handle, active, but possessing singular repose—wonderful how they'll "stay put"—and remarkably free from such forms of *animalism* as may be unpleasant or embarrassing in intimate sharing of indoor life. All this, *if* rationally bred and kept.

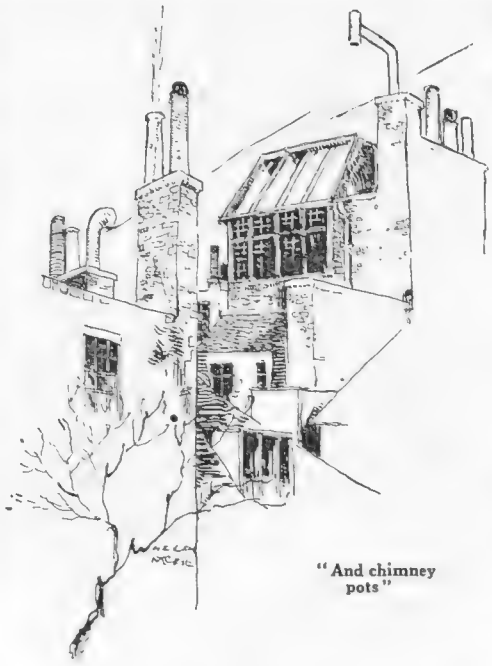
(3) Appearance: Without being ass enough to try and define what is or is not beauty and attractiveness, one ought to be safe in saying the points and appearance of a well-bred Pekingese are for all who have eyes to see interesting, distinctive and full of character; no hint of dulness, plainness, the commonplace. There are 2,000 years of recorded care and jealous selection behind the distinctive masks, gay plumes, fringed trousers, prancing gait, and princely bearing. That does give *interest* and distinctiveness; does eliminate commonplaceness.

No, I do not think the breed will decline or be forgotten. And having handed these (I believe) deserved bouquets to the Pekingese, let me add that I've found many of their characteristic qualities shared by other breeds, such as Dandie Dinmonts, Yorkshires to some extent, Pugs, Bulldogs, and, curiously as some will think, Bloodhounds and Irish Wolfhounds, and some other varieties of long descent. Individuals of such breeds possess too much character to be robbed of it by "spoiling"; but, *as species*, and in the course of breeding, they can, of course, be made to deteriorate to the point of ruination; complete decadence. Breeders and exhibitors have real responsibility to face here, and should be more severely sat on than they are when they disregard it. Judges, K.C. pontiffs, and other folk of Doggy consequence, please note!

When all's said, the root of everything is Character. Fashion may be greatly swayed by mere trimmings. But it's Character that tells permanently, in Dogdom, as with us. The popularity of Alsatians (extraordinary aliveness, and concert pitch key), or of Cockers (affection, intelligence, reflectiveness) to take just a couple of examples, is no mere accident of Fashion, but appreciation of definite types of Character.

Seems I'm getting quite a preacher. When you get really to know 'em, the best of the Dogs do make you thoughtful—bless 'em!

The Malinois type Belgian Sheepdogs seem to be setting up fine records as trackers.



"And chimney pots"

If We All Left London

By "BLANCHETTE" *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE.*

LONDON, *January* 8

DEAR COUSIN—

SEEMS rather a sort of a kind of an empty, waiting feeling about things just now, doesn't there?

Now in the most dead time of the whole year,
The pause and hush before we open wide
The gates of spring. . . .

as J. D. C. Pellow sings in the new *Miscellany of Poetry* book that's just out. Having a reg'lar orgy of modern poets now at last, by the way, aren't we, after going without all this long time?

A PAUSE and a hush, 'specially in the country parts, where Nature seems so fast asleep this time o' the year. And where—

Tenderly, gently, the soft rain
Falls on the garden. . . .
There is no grief in the garden—
Only the falling
Of the soft continual rain.

Desolate, empty, but peaceful, as the rain drips along the boughs of the quiet trees.

O, dark quiet trees,
I walk on your golden brown needles,
I feel your strong stems
Your shadows are soft to my eyes—
in this blank time of long waiting, when . . .
Spring has forgotten her way
To your dark land;
She stays at your wood's edge.

DON'T mind waiting so very much midst woods and trees and green grass, the good red earth, with every now and then an early foretaste of spring in a soft puff of scented air that blows from across the wolds, you don't — what? Rather depends how long it's for, though, methinks. Just try it all the time. Gets just a shade *too* peaceful *quite* soon for most people, from what I can see.

AND in Town, too, there's that same sort of empty swept-and-garnished sensation about, only different. No deadness of the surrounding country, I mean, 'cos the town always *is* dead. Don't believe anything in the world or out of it ever was deader than pavements and rows and rows of characterless houses all stuck along side by side and one up against another. . . .

"Caretaker to someone's house"

AND high-towering streets that only just let you guess at the sky. . . . And chimney pots and railings. Couldn't possibly ever be anything more utterly bereft of life or any chance of it than a London chimney, unless it's a London railing. The very sparrows hardly seem like real live, breathing, fluttering birds.

IT'S the people really, you know, that make London live, right away from the start and from first to last. In the country we're only small things that don't matter so very much (only don't tell some of the "county" ones I said that, please). Earth rules, when she's given her head, and we wait on her pleasure, her seasons, and her caprices. Can't even hunt the fox if she decides on a frost (Nature, I mean), can we, even the mightiest among us? Though for her frowns she repays us well, too, with smiles.

BUT just think if we were all to leave London all at once! Picture to yourself poor, dear old Piccadilly deserted by all living souls. . . . Bond Street bereft of every single one of its smart shoppers. . . . Regent Street a silent Sahara without a taxi on the ranks. . . . Oxford Street one long vista of vacant shops, with not a visitor from Kensington or Hampstead, or Maida Vale, even, because they, too, had been swept clear of their highly respectable swarms by the general exodus. . . .!

FRIGHTFUL idea—what? But there's still millions and millions of us left, of course, in this great city. And quite a good million or two of 'em probably not really so very

frightfully much use 'cept *for* filling up the vacant spaces thereof. Which is why, I s'pose, when even a few of the ones that really and truly matter go off it does leave such a fearful gap, so to speak, that we almost wish we'd never been Born-eo, as those perpetually fascinating Co-Optimists put it at the Prince of Wales's.

卐

Who do rather reconcile one in a way, by the way, to the aforesaid emptiness and dulness of things that seem to be happening just this moment. Been quite a slump in the theatres lately, I b'lieve, you know, all 'cept at one or two s'lected places, and among those the Prince of Wales's is certain sure included. Flock, they do, the crowds, whatever happens, to hear Laddie Cliff do his Russian song-and-dance—

Oh, curse-ski, oh, by God-ski. . . .

"At the Chelsea Arts Ball"

卐

Which doesn't sound really as if London was very empty, and, of course, I s'pose it isn't, even if it does so happen that some of us have wandered off to other climes—curse them, as they say. And don't let's take any notice of the horrid plutocrats who are able to rush off to alien sunshine and frost when we can't, either. Shall us? Don't let's.

"The Huns' last day for paying up"

卐

London's, after all, the best place in the world to be in, s'long as we can collect a few people to be in it with us, that is. And can even make something out of the ones who do pop off, we can. Latest way of earning an honest living, or, anyway, keeping alive, being, you know, to caretake someone's house who's sunning him or herself in the Riviera or Egypt (cu-urse them!).

卐

Rather a good idea, really, the caretaking one. 'Cos, of course, you get free board and lodging to start with, and then if anyone *does* come to try and take the house, you dress yourself up in your very best clothes (if any change *is* needed) and just pretend to be the rather haughty owner who's rather changed his (or her) mind about letting the place. You see the idea—what?

卐

D'you realise, by the way, dear cousin, that by next week we may be plunged once more into a —— no, I won't say it. But, anyway, quite poss. there may be some quite rather serious trouble, seeing that it's the Huns' last day for paying up next Monday as ever is.

卐

But, *qu'importe*? They're sure to shuffle out of it somehow, and, anyway, couldn't possibly be anything happening really serious enough to interfere with the Chelsea Arts Ball on February 7. Where, I hear, we're all to be Antarctic or something, complete with snow and crevasses and all the rest of it. Am going as a Polar Bear myself—and do hope I shall meet a nice Iceberg somewhere as the evening wears on. Shall need it if the temp. rises in its usual way—what?

With love,

yours ever,

Blanchette

TWO WELL-KNOWN DANCERS

Miss Phyllis Clark and Victor Sylvester, two popular instructors at the Empress Rooms, who recently won the World's Open Dance Championship at Queen's Hall, in a six-day contest, which included fox-trot, one-step, waltz and tango. The tango of this delightful couple is something really worth seeing, and it is to be hoped that the management of the Empress Rooms will include an exhibition of it among the many entertaining items of their enterprising programme

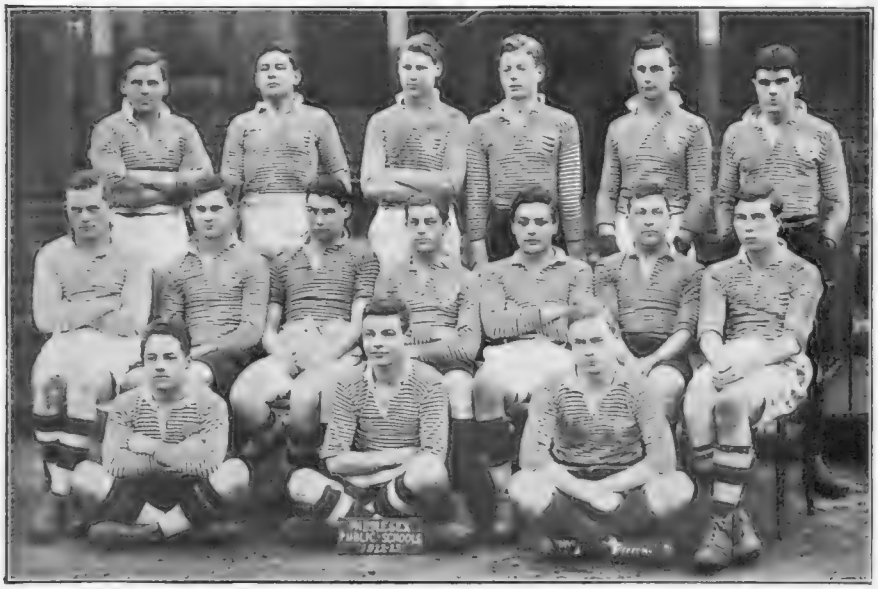
SPORT of the WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE ARMY OF THE RHINE XV

The Rhine Army XV met Middlesex at Richmond last week and were beaten by 4 goals and 4 tries to 1 goal, very largely owing to the fact that the Rhine has failed to supply them with strong enough opposition to practise on. Moreover, Middlesex were at the top of their form



Photograph *Sport and General*

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AT BLACKHEATH

Our photograph shows the Middlesex Public Schools XV which suffered defeat at the hands of Kent on the Rectory Field by 3 goals and 2 tries to nothing. The game was very keen and hard on both sides, but Kent's superior skill triumphed in the end

Photographs *Sport and General*

PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS

D. S. Milford of Radley (left) and R. S. Duleepsinhji (Cheltenham), winner and runner-up respectively of the Handicap Tournament held last Thursday at Queen's Club

Photograph *Topical*

OXFORD v. BERLIN

An Oxford player and two Berliners racing for the ball in the Ice Hockey match between Oxford University and the Berlin Schlittschuh Club, played at Davos, and won by Oxford by 11 to 1

Photograph *James Picture Agency*

A FINE JUMP

An expert Canadian skater clearing nine barrels on Lake Placid, in the Adirondack region of New York State. After all, they've got to do something with their barrels—when they cannot be put to their proper use

Photograph *Alfieri*

A LITTLE MORE ICE HOCKEY

Played this time by a team of ladies at Mürren, where the ice game vies in popularity with ski-ing and "bob-ing,"—not forgetting curling for those who have left more vigorous sports behind them

Photograph *Topical*

MRS. SATTERTHWAITE—AND RACKETS

For the second year in succession, Mrs. Satterthwaite has won the Monte Carlo Ladies' Tennis Championship

Photograph *Sport and General*

ON THE LINKS AT CANNES

Lady Victoria Bullock with her father, the Earl of Derby, and Lord Charles Montagu on the first tee of these fine links. Lady Victoria Bullock married Capt. Harold Bullock in 1919

BY "THE TOUT"

"PAY ONLY"

Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey, of the 1st Life Guards, taking the open ditch at Sandown on his famous mare

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

New Year Resolutions

At this season of the year it is the custom to make all sorts of resolutions. That is about as far as most of us get. Some of my friends—who have not forgotten 1922—have resolved not to bet on big races during the coming flat-race season. I am willing to wager that before long each will have found a "snip" for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and the good old resolution will be forgotten. The temptation will be too great. And how are the bookmakers to go on getting fatter and continue to smoke big cigars if those outsiders don't keep coming up for them? After all, there is a wonderful fascination about trying to spot winners weeks in advance of the race. You can have a lot of fun for quite a small outlay.

Prize-Money

I HAVE been hearing a lot recently about the precarious state of some racecourse companies. One does not want to pay too much attention to everything one hears, but I believe it to be a fact that several executives are feeling the pinch. What with unemployment and the general scarcity of "Fishers," attendances are not what they were. Racing is just an ordinary business, and the prize-money can only be regulated by the financial state of the exchequer. Do not, therefore, be surprised to hear that the Jockey Club has been asked to sanction smaller prizes. A lead has been given by Doncaster, a statement having been made at a meeting of the Race Committee the other day that a reduction in the amount of stakes at future meetings has been considered for submission to the Jockey Club. This will come as a big surprise to those who were always under the impression that Doncaster made a good thing out of its race-meetings.

The "National"

ENTRIES for the big steeplechase at Aintree are not due until this week, but already we know that Music Hall will not be of the number. If he is entered it will only be to see what weight he is apportioned. After a long spell of treatment John Coleman has succeeded in getting last year's winner sound again, but no serious attempt is to be made to train him till 1924. His place can be taken by Turkey Buzzard, on whom Captain Bennett gave a plucky display in 1921. The horse was unable to take the field last year, but "Billy" Payne has got him all right again, and the Grand National is once more the objective. The same can be said of Drifter, Taffytus and Sergeant Murphy, who were respectively second, third and fourth last year. And I am wondering if Mr. Harry Brown will have another "go" on The Bore!

The Spring Handicaps

Now that we are in possession of the entries for the spring handicaps, the flat-race season does not seem so far off. The Lincolnshire Handicap has received a gratifying subscription-list, and if some of those which have been nominated appear rather out of place there are others which represent rather a higher standard than is usually associated with the race. Mr. Solly Joel evidently means to keep us guessing, for he is responsible for four. I imagine De Mestre will be very keen to make a good start and repeat the victory of Soranus two years ago if possible. Amongst the "tips" which have already been in circulation are Soldennis and Tremola, and their admirers will at least be pleased that they have got over the first obstacle. But there is still a long way to go.

At Lingfield

THE apathy of owners continues to be most apparent, and two of the races for the Lingfield meeting this week-end failed to fill. If Bennett elects to start **Llangarren** for the Eden Vale Hurdle that dapper little horse would want a lot of beating. Some useful novices are engaged in the Tondridge Court Hurdle, but if **Glass Idol** is anything like so good as he is supposed to be he ought to win.

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

LADY IRENE PRATT

Daughter of the Marchioness Camden, at a meet of the Eridge, of which her grandfather, Lord Henry Nevill, is Master. The Eridge Hunt Ball takes place at the Pump Room, Tunbridge Wells, next week

The New Pack

I AM more newsy than reflective this week, I think. First of all, I have complete details of the newly formed Cumberland Farmers' pack which go to show what a sporting little enterprise it is. The recent history of the Cumberland packs of foxhounds is just a wee bit complicated. That is to say, there were the Cumberland Foxhounds before the War, and there are the Cumberland

Foxhounds now, but this Cumberland was not that Cumberland, so to speak. In other words, Sir Wilfred Lawson's present pack was distinguished by a prefixed "West," which was dropped when the old Cumberland faded away. It is a very big stretch of country, and with only one pack, in the West, there was created a sort of aching void full

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

WITH THE HAMBLEDON IN HAMPSHIRE

Major and Mrs. J. H. Norton, with their two children, Janet and Peter, walking to the meet at Wickham

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

LADY BEATRICE FINLAY

At the meet of the Berks and Bucks Staghounds at Bracknell. Lady Finlay is the wife of the Hon. Sir William Finlay, K.B.E., K.C., whose father, Lord Finlay, was appointed British Representative to the Hague Court of Arbitration in 1920, and one of the International Judges to the League of Nations in 1921

(if you will permit me) of foxes enjoying their characteristic delights undisturbed by the music of hounds. This is a state of affairs ever galling to the sportsman of sound instincts, and the good sporting farmers around Carlisle looked upon it and saw that it was not good.

A Sporting Venture

THUS a large and representative body put their heads together, and after a lot of hard work collected a few hounds, engaged a huntsman, and took the kennels of the old Cumberland pack at Roe Hill, Dalston, and the foxes round about soon found that they meant stern business. They started hunting something like a month ago with six couples. Naturally, there was little time or opportunity to get together anything but a scratch pack of hounds, but as the Hunt prospers and gains strength, as we hope it will, this will be remedied. The huntsman engaged is Tom Singleton, who was formerly with the Dumfriesshire, and the acting-Master is Mr. W. S. Law, of the Grange, Irtlington, Carlisle, while either the hon. secretary or a member of the committee turns hounds to the huntsman. The hunting days are Mondays and Thursdays, and the country extends roughly over a radius of a dozen miles around Carlisle. It is greatly to be hoped that this very sporting effort will meet with the success it deserves.

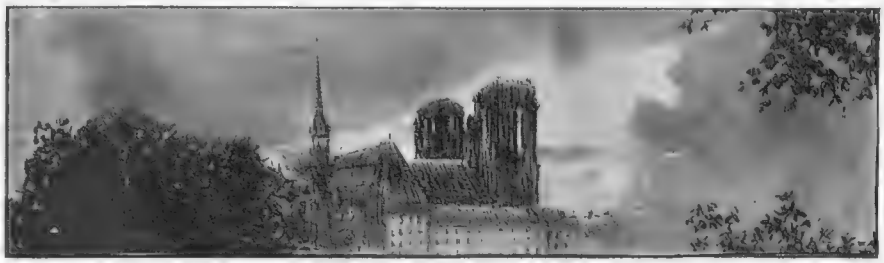
The O.B.H. Vacant

THEN Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake is giving up the Old Berkeley at the end of the season—in April, to be precise. It is a famous name in fox-hunting annals, in the Bicester country as well as this, and, curiously enough, the previous Master, Lord Chesham, migrated in 1921 from the Old Berkeley to the Bicester, where he still reigns. Mr. E. Tyrwhitt-Drake followed him, and now resigns, thus providing an opportunity for any sportsman wanting to take a pack near London. The country is pasture, plough, and woodland—about 100 square miles of it. In 1881 it was split into two, a junction being re-effected four years later. In 1888 it was again divided into the O.B.H. (E.) and O.B.H. (W.), and then, in 1910, the West side was abandoned, and part of the country loaned to the South Oxfordshire, but when the War ended the whole country was joined again.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE NORTH SHROPSHIRES AT SHREWSBURY

Lady Hickman, Miss Lovatt (centre), and Mrs. H. Mander at the meet of the North Shropshires at Albrighton Hall, near Shrewsbury. Lady Hickman, who lives at Walford Hall, Baschurch, is the wife of Major Sir Alfred Hickman, Bt., late of the 4th Dragoon Guards



"The silhouette of Notre Dame"

How Sandy Came to Paris

BY "HENRI"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

I HAVE waved my hat, and shouted "*Vive l'Entente,*" whenever to see the British flag, and there are eight years and more since that I have had the portrait of *Le Roi Marin, Georges V,* on the wall above my bed; but if my love for our brave Allies has for the moment been strained, then is it necessary to blame Roland for what has been nearly the grand catastrophe.

ROLAND has the strain Scottish within his blood. Such is proclaimed from his coat of arms: the bottle *couchant,* with five stars *or* on a field of *ambre.* One of his ancestors has been, what you call, I think, a spiritualist. He has sold quite a quantity before the Frenchwomen have discovered that their menfolk who have taken it, *sans eau,* in the same proportion as hitherto they have taken the innocent red wine, have had the disinclination to work. Thus has it been that the Scot has placed over the door of his stores the motto which, in later years, is to become famous, "*Qui ne paye pas ne passe pas.*"

"It is not at his head they have looked"

BEFORE the long time the Ancestor has turned the last customer from the door. With tears in his eyes he has confessed that he is *sans-travail,* but has a thirst of glorification. Scot has loved the last customer as a brother, but it is not the use to have a motto if one does not adhere thereto. He has steeled his heart against the sentiment and proclaimed, "*Qui ne travaille pas, ne paye pas; qui ne paye pas, ne bois pas. C'est fini.*" After to hoist up the shutters he has gone out to marry the widow of a *rentier* and has retired on the *dot.*

AND thus to get back to my little *histoire.* Roland has had to go to the Riviera at a time when a relative he has not ever seen is to come to Paris, from the army on the Rhine. He has prayed me to take charge of him. As one is not able to deny a thing to Roland it has been that I myself have found at the Gare de l'Est to wait for someone named Sandy, whom I am to recognise by the simultaneous brandishment of copies of THE BYSTANDER, with the additional information that the head of the relative is like the fire to blaze.

ALMOST immediately after the train has clanked into the station have I recognised him. Shades of Stromboli! Like the fire to blaze, has Roland said. He has been more like the sun to rise. Under the *chic* little bonnet has been the shock of hair the most red which has ever come to Paris. But there have been others who have stared at him, too. Suddenly I have realised that it is not at his head they have looked, but at his knees and the kilt which has stopped a long way short of to be *comme il faut.*

"Emptied it"

I HAVE been engaged to hurry him from the station when the *douanier* has tapped him on the shoulder to ask what he has in his haversack. "Ma luggage," has said the man of the kilt, when I have for him translated the question. The *douanier* insists to see it, and when my companion has unbuckled the straps and exposed to the view a bottle, the *douanier* is wrathful.

"QUEER luggage," has he commented, caustically. I have explained to Sandy. "Queer luggage, man," has he roared at the *douanier.* "Have ye never seen an Aberdonian pack up for the week-end? What other luggage than a bottle of this and a corkscrew do you think he would want?"

(*Continued on page* 112)

The luxury of an efficient necessity.

The Compactom Clothing Cabinet

CONSTRUCTED of Mahogany or Oak throughout and polished; the exterior may be finished Mahogany, Walnut or Jacobean Oak, and will harmonise with any decorative scheme.

Size 4 ft. 4 in. x 5 ft. 9 in. x 1 ft. 7 in.

Accommodation is provided and named for :—

12 Suits	12 pairs of Pants	12 Undervests
36 Handkerchiefs	12 Pairs of Pyjamas.	36 pairs of Socks
24 Shirts	36 Collars	8 pairs of Boots
24 pairs of Trousers	6 Hats	and Shoes.

A fitted draw-tray is also provided for small clothing articles such as Studs, Cuff Links, Handkerchiefs, etc., with separate compartments for each; whilst a vitrolite shelf and glass-fronted mahogany Gallery are fixed under a plate glass Mirror on the right hand door.

"THE THINGS THAT MATTER."

Quality and finish—the best that English workmanship can yield.

Floor Space Economy—4' 4" x 1' 7"

Interior Capacity—It will hold three times as much as any ordinary wardrobe—everything a well-dressed man requires.

Accessibility—Each and every article is at hand, in view, and in properly proportioned compartments—supplies are seen at a glance—there is no waste space.

Pleasurable Utility—An unending pleasure to the tidy—a necessity to the untidy—it is the most convenient way of preserving clothes, and economises time, space, money . . . . and temper.

29½ Guineas.

Plus £0 14 0 Delivery costs in London.
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Sole Agents for MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL
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It is a Comfortable Feeling—

To know that the Compactom Clothing Cabinet is a luxury in the respect that it keeps all wearing apparel in a preserved and perfect condition.

To see everything at hand, your stock in view with the quantity of underwear in laundry continuously shown.

To know that it is an economy, inasmuch as it includes Dressing Table and Wardrobe service combined.

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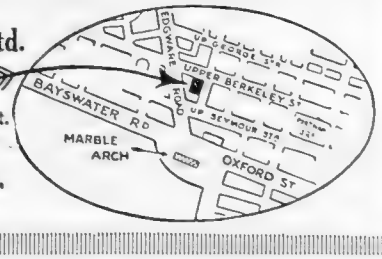

"HOW SANDY CAME TO PARIS" *(concluded)*

BY this time the *douanier* has reached the crisis of apoplexy. He has demanded Fcs. 25 duties on the contraband. Instead of to pay, Sandy has seized the bottle, emptied it at one gulp, and handed it to the astounded official with the remark, "Here is my card. There will be nothing due the noo."

I HAVE conducted Sandy *chez* Roland, and have left him with the promise that I shall call for him after *déjeuner* on the day after. In the interval he has been busy with a guide-book which he has borrowed. It is his first visit to Paris, he has told me when I have arrived to take him out, and he intends to see all there is to be seen, even if it shall take his last "saxpence." "I have a grand plan," has he added. This, he has explained, is that he shall choose one place to visit, I shall choose another, and so on. It has been my first choice.

"MAXIM'S," I have suggested, after to recall the bottle, and thus to imagine that Sandy shall require a liqueur as he has only just had lunch. Agreed. Sandy has raised a faint objection when I have opened my purse to pay, but then has made a suggestion that I shall pay when I choose the place, and he shall pay when the choice has been his.

AFTER the liqueur he has decided that he next would like to see the Louvre. We have gone, and Sandy has been enthusiastic about the most magnificent free exhibition in the capital. As it has been nearly five o'clock when we have left the Louvre I have proposed, "Café de la Paix, for tea and toast."

"Busy with a guide-book"

SANDY has jumped at the project, and we have sat to watch the crowds traverse the Place de l'Opéra until after six hours when Sandy, whose turn it has now become for a suggestion, has wished to see the Champs Elysées with the chains of lights. We have been quickly at the wondrous hill which leads to the Arc de Triomphe, but only with the arrival of the hour for dinner could Sandy be drawn away.

MY choice, again, so I have led Sandy to a quiet but expensive restaurant in the Quarter. When the meal is over, and we have been engaged to sip our *café*, Sandy has suddenly exclaimed, "I am told that the silhouette of Notre Dame is the one thing you must not miss when you see Paris by night."

I HAVE shown him the glorious view from the Pont Solferino, then from the eastern side, the north and the south. For three hours we have admired Notre Dame from every point of the compass. "What a feast for a man," has declared Sandy. "It is food and drink, too."

I HAVE not been able to resist to exclaim—though I am afraid that Roland may never forgive me—"I am glad of that, Sandy, for it is my turn for the next suggestion, and I had thought of supper at Ciro's, but as you will not want another meal I will walk with you as far as your hotel, and then will take a taxicab to my home."

Fortunately—for me—Sandy has been recalled from his leave the next morning. Not even at the cost of the friendship of Roland could I have withstood another day of the Sandy system. HENRI

WANTED: A Humorous Photograph

£50 REWARD

PHOTOGRAPHY has become an art to itself, even rivalling the etcher's needle and the painter's brush, but till now it has been confined to the portrayal of beauty: beautiful women; the beauty of motion; the pictured beauty of landscape. It has practically ignored humour; indeed, humour would seem to have evaded the camera's cunning lens. Is this really so? The Editor wishes to know.

And, in order to discover this apparent lack of humour, he is prepared to offer a cheque for Fifty Pounds for the photograph which, in his opinion, most truly pictures a spirit of fun, which most truly captures the smiling sprite of humour and from staid seriousness does turn his face—and yours—to smile. Simply a photograph of fun, not a marvellous print requiring years of applied technique to accomplish, just some funny photograph. That's all. And the cheque is yours.

Fill in the entry form on page VI of this issue and paste it on the back of your photograph. Any number of pictures may be submitted, but each must have the coupon pasted on the back of it.

Photographs must be addressed to The Editor, "The Bystander," Graphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, in envelopes marked Photographic Competition in the left top corner. They must not be rolled, and should be carefully sealed to avoid postal accidents. They must reach us by *February 1st, 1923.*

The decision of the Editor will be final, and the full copyright and negative of the winning picture will become the property of "The Bystander." The Editor reserves the right to publish any photograph sent in at the usual rate of payment.

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WHISKY

MAGNIFICENT in its exhibition of colour, the open display fascinates the eye; while the variety and daintiness of the centres, with their superb coatings of the smoothest chocolate, give to "Chocolats Fantaisie" an inimitable cachet.

5/6 PER LB. 3/- PER ½-LB.

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Breakfast Thrillers Series

Our First (and Last)

By A. F. MASON.

Sketches by VICTOR HICKS

Eggs and bacon, bacon and eggs, eggs . . . .

Doesn't the very thought of them bring a swift impelling desire to sweep clean away such appalling monotony? To soar up and away from the pallid egg and the cringing bacon—that the soul may live again.

Our Breakfast Thrillers are the manna that your spirit has craved. Interpolate one with your porridge, and look at life from a new aspect. Chew each magic word till the grounds in your coffee fade before their spell. They will make you forgive the gelatine in the marmalade, and forget that the 8.15 goes at 8.20.

The first, which we print below, is a delightful cameo of Cannibal Life in the Ugga Mugga Islands. It is the work of Mr. Budd P. Spoofington, a promising young American author still at large.

THE GIRL IN THE CASSEROLE

By
The Author
BUDD P. SPOOFINGTON
(Author)

IT is night.

It always is in these stories.

Over by the lagoon, where the grape-nut trees arch down into the rippling water, sits the dusky Oola-Loola—alone.

It is her evening out, and she usually is alone for the first five minutes of it. But to-night she is strangely silent and thoughtful, and her big dreamy eyes gaze out to the horizon . . . and him.

There is always a him in these stories.

He came once—in a beautiful white steam-yacht that laid into the bay one night. A water-party had landed, and he had come upon her in the moonlight among the macaroni trees. He had kicked her passionately in the face. Musterola! How her whole being thrilled madly as she recalled that one fleeting, ecstatic moment.

Would he—ah!—would he come again?

. . . . . .

A boat is approaching. She senses it! she hears it; she even sees it. Yet she remains there motionless, watching, waiting, wondering, hoping—and other verbs of this sort.

It may — yes, it may — it may be he.

As a matter of fact, of course, it isn't.

It never is in these stories.

It is the flesh-hunters of the dread King Ooma-Blooma, man-eating Lord of the Ugga Mugga Islands. The boat grounds and the occupants scramble out and up to the knoll where Oola-Loola is sitting. She is too paralysed with fright to scream, or even to pull the communication cord.

A wizened old beaver, head *chef* to King Ooma-Blooma eyes her critically in the moonlight, feeling her arms and her wishbone like an expert.

"Nbgramc psa!" he grunts, laconically, and his followers dash forward, pinion the girl's arms, gag her with a dress length and a half of cocoanut fibre, and carry her down to the water's edge.

Only a miracle can save her

Portrait of the Author, Mr. Budd P. Spoofington, searcher of back numbers of English magazines for his plots

now—unless . . . unless he . . . unless he comes . . .

There is always the chance in these stories.

. . . . . .

On his magnificent throne in the Oven Room of the Royal Palace sits King Ooma-Blooma, Lord of the Ugga Mugga Islands. Before him, in a casserole, lies Oola-Loola, now bravely resigned to her fate.

Rough sketch of the Editor who accepted this story, and is, therefore, as much to blame as the Author

"She will need a good hour," points out the old *chef* in his native tongue. "If I put her on now, and the vegetables when she is nicely browning, everything should be all right."

The King nodded.

And then, of a sudden, the door burst open and there came a mighty shout as a party of fierce-faced men burst into the room, led by the man who, learning of the terrible fate of his Oola-Loola, had set off the same night in the wake of her captors.

Naturally, by this time, you've guessed who it was.

Well, you're wrong.

You often are in these stories.

It wasn't.

The intruder signalled to his followers, who laid a long and bulky parcel before the throne of King Ooma-Blooma, Lord of the Ugga Mugga Islands.

"Nbgramc Mglombi frgs-rspca!" roared the father of Oola-Loola, indicating the bundle which his men had laid before the King.

Which is, being interpreted: "O Sun of the Southern Seas, I bring to thee Mglombi, mother of Oola-Loola on whom you are lunching. She will surely make you a very excellent gravy to go with my daughter."

"Rsvp kcmgobe," agreed King Ooma-Blooma, smacking his lips with relish.

The next evening, in the full of the moon, they buried him beside his fathers.

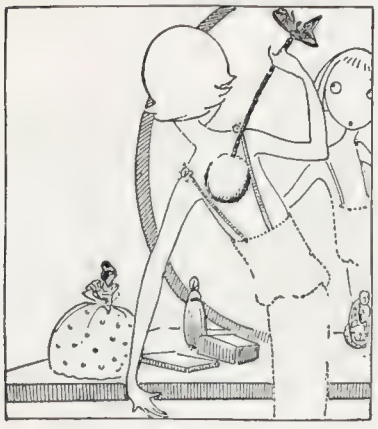
That's all.

[And quite enough, too, for a Breakfast Story.—ED.]

A New Year Economy

BY STAN TERRY

"Are you planning out any New Year resolutions?"
"No, I'm pretty well stocked up in that way—you see I never used those I made last year!"

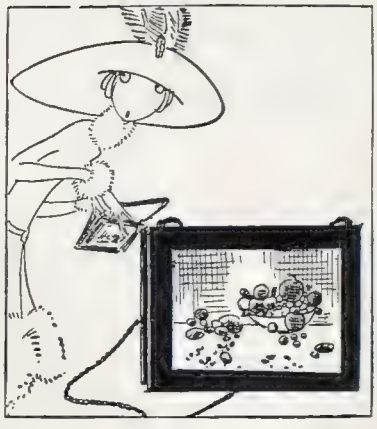


DEAR URSULA, *January 5th*

Of course you have a "back" powder puff! I simply must have beautiful things around me, so I wound blue and silver ribbon all up the handle and tied a bow at the end.—

PAM IN PARIS

The latest fad is scented candles on the dinner table. It really does help to give the conversation a poetic turn.—



A very fine cross-stitch embroidery, representing still life studies, is used now on bags, puff boxes, etc., and set in like a picture. This bag is charming in brown leather, with a lovely embroidered still life of apples and grapes. PAMELA

Femina

LETTERS, BELATED AND —OTHERWISE

BY "CANDIDA"

THERE'S some talk, I believe, of returning to our antediluvian penny postage. That's why I am waiting to answer my New Year's letters. Strict economy was one of my chiefest New Year's resolutions, as no doubt it was everyone's, which is, as everybody knows, making a virtue out of a necessity. But I rather wonder about the virtue part. Is there any merit in a virtue that is forced upon you? "Economy," said somebody, "is just a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it," and the absence of fun, some people think, is always a sure indication of the presence of virtue.

So the letters remain unanswered, because it costs much more to answer them than it will presently. Of course, one runs risks. The writers might not see the point of one's economical intentions. Besides, one man's way of economy is extravagance to another, and you may lose quite a lot by economising over a postage stamp.

THERE are lots of people who dislike writing letters, and a few who say they hate receiving them. You know the sort of thing, and how glibly one says how one would love to get away from papers and letters, if only for a fortnight, and how nice were the spacious days when people could disappear, respectably, of course, and have adventures undisturbed in the wilds of Mexico or somewhere, and how nowadays the world's a mean, furtive place, wireless-ridden from end to end, and there's no peace for the wicked anywhere, nor for the righteous either.

FAÇON de parler, of course. I have only met one woman who tried it. She went away like a thief in the night for four months or so, leaving no address behind her. After four days of "perfect freedom" a vague uneasiness befell her. She wrote to the caretaker of her flat, and asked to have her letters forwarded to Naples, *Poste Restante*. But at Naples there was nothing for her, and she left for Sicily with instructions to the Post Office. However, nothing reached her, and she spent her four "idyllic" months vaguely wondering if her world had gone to pieces. She had counted on the efficiency of the Postal institution in a country whose motto is: "*Chi va piano, va sano.*" The *piano* part came true, anyway. A month after her return a postal packet reached her stamped with the postmark of almost every town in Europe. It contained invitations, business letters, appointments, etc., etc. There were explanations and apologies to be written to at least a dozen particular people who had wondered and wondered. There was a note from her broker and a *coup manqué*. She might have made her fortune!

NO; one can't do without letters, not if one is an ordinary human being with ties and business relations and irons in the fire, and all that. No news, think of it, good bad or indifferent; no possibility of adventure to rain in at any moment from the outside world! No glorious unexpectedness round the corner which reaches one in the guise of an unopened envelope. For all the fun of receiving letters lies in the opening of the envelope, as all the excitement of the game is in the moment of picking up the cards.

WE owe an immense debt of gratitude to the Post Office, though the poor thing gets its share of abuse. It's only human, of course, and, as everybody knows, nothing is so inhuman as a collective human humanity. The public, for instance, is as stupid as you and I are the other thing. In the mass we lose our virtues, and only our vices stand out like blots on the landscape. I had a letter once addressed to me in London from somewhere in Ireland. It went to Canada first, and returned after many days with the illuminating remark: "Try London, England." And I've never felt so superior and metropolitan since.

THE pessimists say that for badness 1923 will beat 1922 hollow. But I don't think so. A New Year is like an unopened letter, brimming with the romance of the unknown. And it's the exciting thing which might happen any day, even if it never comes off, that makes life interesting.

MOTOR NOTES

By "OLD HY."

THE NEW LIGHT CAR

The new Gwynne "Eight," which embraces several new features that have won considerable praise from the engineering world. A number are now ready for delivery at 198 guineas

QUITE a number of members of the Fourth Estate visited recently the works at Smethwick, Tipton and Dudley, where Messrs. A. Harper Sons, and Bean, Ltd., produce the present model of the 11.9 h.p. Bean car. Of course, the main object of the affair was to see the forging at Smethwick of the metal, from the steel billets into the shaped parts, that were machined and fashioned at Tipton into the complete chassis, which, driven on its own power, arrives at Dudley to be again put through a final testing and to be equipped with its suitable coachwork made at the Dudley works. Yet, interesting as this all was, somehow or other I could not get away from the idea that this visit was planned to allow the public to learn that the manufacturers of the Bean car, Messrs. A. Harper Sons, and Bean, Ltd., are a private concern without any public money in its coffers, and though Harper, Bean, Ltd., hold shares in A. Harper Sons, and Bean, Ltd., it has no control over the latter.

* * *

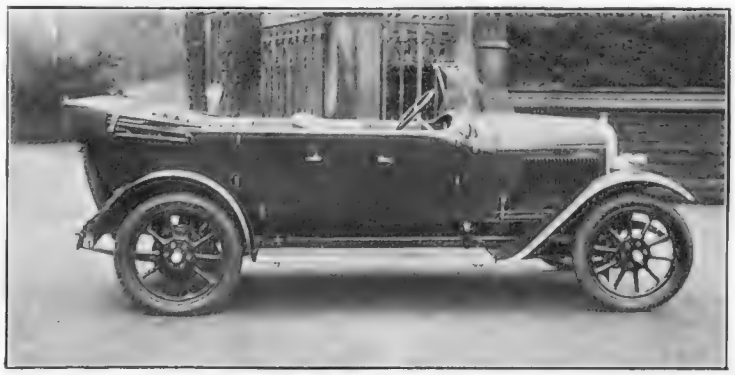
BUT as Harper Bean, Ltd., has its shares quoted and A. Harper Sons, and Bean, Ltd., has not—as it is a private company—the public are apt to confuse the Harper, Bean, Ltd. quotations as a reflection on the business of Bean cars with which it has nothing to do; for A. Harper Sons, and Bean, Ltd., is a manufacturing company, and Harper, Bean, Ltd., is a holding company and manufactures nothing, being a shareholder in a variety of businesses. In some of these they have a controlling interest, and in others, like A. Harper Sons, and Bean, Ltd., they are only investors and have no control in the business. There is no question of unfriendliness between the two companies; each will gladly hear of the other's success, but though one often overhears remarks such as, "the Bean car has caught on and doing well, I think I'll buy some Harper, Bean, Ltd., shares," the speculator is not buying Bean car shares at all, as the public does not own a single share in A. Harper Sons, and Bean, Ltd., for there are none to be purchased. It is to avoid such confusions that I make these remarks, which at the back of my head was the true *raison d'être* of the gathering of the Press in the Midlands on the occasion referred to.

* * *

AS for the new four-speed 11.9 h.p. Bean car, this has improved in its power and running tremendously. I careered over some stiff gradients at a very fast rate, though the roads were bad, and surface wet and slippery, so that I was agreeably surprised how well the car travelled and held the road. As the present rate of output is about twenty complete cars per day, or something in the neighbourhood of 100 cars per week at this time of year, and the distributing trade is easily absorbing the whole output at this rate, one does not wonder people remarking "Bean cars are doing well." They are. And they deserve to, as it is an honest car at an honest price, and a low one at that, so no wonder one sees a great number of them on the roads nowadays. Also, as at the Smethwick works I saw parts being forged for Rolls-Royce, Hotchkiss, Singer, etc., in fact, for nearly 50 per cent. of the motor-car and engine manufacturers in England, it was good evidence of the ability of A. Harper Sons and Bean, Ltd., to produce the right goods for their own job—the Bean car itself. I dined at the Midland Hotel in Birmingham on the occasion of this visit, and must take this opportunity of congratulating the manager and the *chef* for a most *recherché*, well-cooked, and well-served meal. Caviar, turtle soup, délice de sole Castiglione, quails, saddle of lamb, pâté de foie gras, to say nothing of the *entremets*, were enough to whet any appetite and satisfy the diner right royally. Poor old Gerry Biss! How he would have revelled in the repast if he had lived to be with us all on this occasion, which reminded me more of the Good Old Times with Sir George Benn and his son Jack—as entertaining a pair of hosts as you could wish to sit with and put your feet under the mahogany.

* * *

WRITING of feasts reminds me that the Junior Car Club, with the president, the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, in the chair, held their third annual dinner at the Hotel Cecil just before Christmas. The chairman of the J. C. C., our old friend, Charles Jarrott, in replying to Sir Arthur's toast of its prosperity, made some sensible remarks that deserve recording. Charles stated that already the club had some 400 members, and that it had reached its limit if the honorary officials were to be considered. It was getting too big a task for men like the genial Hon. Sec., Mr. Bradley, to do the correspondence alone, not to mention detailed matters of the various competitions, so that if it was to be continued as a purely amateur unpaid concern they would have to limit its membership. It is much better to limit the club membership than take on a paid secretary. We all know that that means this official will try to make a big affair of the business in order to make his own job a better one. Also do not forget, ye Junior Car Clubites, that by limited membership you raise the desire of small car owners to belong to it far more than by making it easy for anybody to join.



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The Cigarette with the Pedigree

THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND

The Illustrious & most noble Princesse, the Lady Frances, Duchess of Richmond and Lenox to whom Captain John Smith wrote his "Epistle Dedicatorie" in the "Generall Historie of Virginia". This lady appears to have exercised an inspiriting influence over the Captain both in respect of his adventures and the penning of his "poore ragged lines which have no helpe but the shrine of your glorious name." ¤ ¤ ¤ The knowledge of appreciation will ever spur men on towards difficult undertakings and if there be one inspiration enjoyed by all those concerned in the production of the "Three Castles" Cigarettes it is the appreciation of the distinguished gentlemen who smoke them. ¤ ¤

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the "THREE CASTLES"

W.M.Thackeray "The Virginians"

W.D. & H.O.WILLS.
BRISTOL & LONDON
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THE
BYSTANDER

No. 997.—Vol. LXXVII. Wednesday, January 10, 1923 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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NORTH DEVON.—In a magnificent position facing South, 600ft. up. Approached by drive, the House contains: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and capital offices. Stabling. Farmery. Cottage. Including garden with tennis lawn, arable and pastureland, the whole extends to 45 ACRES. Compact and in a ring fence.

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Recommended by

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Memo for 1923

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OFTEN referred to as "The Young Spark" —he's so full of life. "What's he been up to now?", "What will he do next?" we query. But we like him, or rather "love him," that way—full of health and vigour.

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Encourage him in healthy pursuits throughout the day—from the use of Lifebuoy Soap in the bathroom first thing in the morning, until he returns that way last thing at night, so that he lays a clean tho' tired body down to rest.

Lifebuoy Soap leaves every pore of the skin antiseptically clean and protected.

Wash face and hands with it—bathe with it—shampoo with it.

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED. PORT SUNLIGHT.

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The **Jowett**

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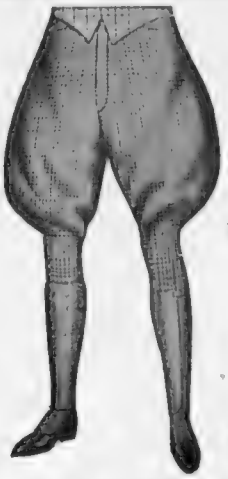

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PHOTO COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

(Full particulars on page 112)

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Cut this out and paste on back of photograph.

Fashions Fancies

SALE SHOPPING

By MRS. JACK MAY

Reliable Furs Reduced 25 per cent.

THE specialist has at all times a particular claim to consideration, and never more so than when the sales are on, and certainly the fur specialist takes a place in the front rank, notably the City Fur Stores, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Primarily, the fact that these people are manufacturers and do not indulge in heavy overhead expenses, having merely showrooms on the first and second floors, is an important factor in the keeping down of prices at ordinary times, and when during January they mark down the whole of their surplus stock 25 per cent., enough is said as to the opportunity offered of acquiring furs of high-grade guaranteed qualities at far below the usual rates. Having dealt widely with skunk for some considerable time, they are well-known connoisseurs in that pelt, and are including a variety of straight and shaped stoles, capes and muffs at prices ranging from 9½ guineas.

In fur coats the City Fur Stores lay special stress on some models of sable marmot, a pelt of remarkable durability, and consequently ideal for country wear and motoring.

The Englishwoman's Stand-By

THERE is no more covetable or eagerly sought bargain during the sales than a perfect tailor-made suit. Akin with others of their kind, H. J. Nicoll and Company, Regent Street, are clearing out their surplus stock, among which to be specially mentioned are some outstanding bargains in tweed coats and skirts, reduced to 5 guineas. These should be followed up quickly as there are only a limited quantity, or for a like sum there will be found a range of splendid double-breast fleece overcoats, really useful, practical knockabouts, wraps no wardrobe can afford to be without.

The selection, however, is so wide and varied it is impossible to deal with it in detail in the short space at command. But the illustrated sale list prepared by the firm is particularly exhaustive, and this can be had for the asking from either 114, Regent Street, or the Manchester house, 14-16, John Dalton Street.

A THÉ DANSANT FROCK
A clever one-piece arrangement of skirt with bouffant and bustle effect
Original sketch by Betty Nisbet

The "Thé Dansant" Frock

A PARTICULARLY important item of the wardrobe just now is some attractive frock for the many afternoon dances that are being given and enjoyed at the various clubs, and a girl who goes out much will find the services of a hard little dress of inestimable value. There is no longer any doubt as to the vogue of *bouffant* and bustle effects, and we therefore feel quite confident in advocating the adjoined original suggestion as an example of the aforesaid hard little *thé dansant* gown. Our idea for its expression is brown *faille*, a darkish shade with golden lights in it, the trimming comprising massed groups of small, iridescent rings, like chain armour. The skirt is a clever one-piece arrangement, the *bouffant* sash forming one with the bodice, which, it will be noted, has the quaintest little *pouf* sleeves.

Lowest Prices since 1914

THE firm responsible for this welcome and emphatic statement is Walpole Bros., 89-90, New Bond Street. Needless to say, it is in connection with their sale, which lasts until January 31. As actual manufacturers these people are in a position not only to give impeccable value, but to vouch for the same, and every bargain guaranteed by a reputation of a hundred and fifty-six years.

Granting precedence to Walpole's renowned household damasks and linens, it is to find a complete clearance at immense reductions of napery, mostly discontinued designs, such as 150 odd fine table-cloths in useful sizes that commence at 18*s.* 6*d.*, a like stock of napkins clearing at 29*s.* 6*d.* the dozen.

A quantity of pure Irish linen sheets direct from the looms are listed at prices per pair that will relieve many a perturbed housewife's heart, an unparalleled offer in this connection comprising hemstitched double bed fine linen sheets, washed for use, at 95*s.* the pair.

The inclusion of *lingerie* provides a further source for serious attention, special reductions marking certain crêpe de Chine underwear and the daintiest of boudoir caps, a handsome dressing-gown in rich corduroy velveteen, smartly finished with soft dark fur and lined throughout with floral delaine carrying an especial appeal at 47*s.* 11*d.*

Bargains for the Home

THE sale at Waring and Gillow's, Oxford Street, W., includes furniture, furnishing fabrics, linens, carpets, bedsteads, china and glass, etc. This is a genuine clearance in every respect, especially notable bargains occurring in made up carpets. The reductions placed on these are almost unprecedented, as they are made up from lengths of discontinued designs, and are in every case of the finest quality. When it is realised how a bordered Wilton, 11 ft. 3 in. by 10 ft. 6 in., is going at £8 10*s*., some idea may be gathered of the value offered. A further special range comprises some 20,000 yards of Axminster, at 7*s*. 11*d*. the yard. Clearing at from 1*s*. 0½*d*. to 2*s*. 11½*d*. the yard are 80,000 yards of 31 in. cretonnes, and in the sale list issued by Waring and Gillow the original prices affixed emphasise the appreciable reductions placed on these goods,

A rare chance is likewise provided here for acquiring quilts, filled fine Arctic down, and covered good quality printed sateen, for 45*s*. 6*d*., single-bed size, or in plain silk in a variety of artistic colours, with wide *pouf* borders, for 55*s*. 6*d*. single-bed, and 69*s*. 6*d*. double. Specially tempting reductions have been placed on all the surplus linen stocks, these including linen and cotton sheets, pillow-cases, damask tablecloths and dinner napkins, and the value throughout is supreme.

Ready-To-Wear Frocks

THERE is never any doubt as to the best being forthcoming from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, and this season the sale bargains in frocks for all occasions appeal with special persuasion. Initially, they are all absolutely fresh and up-to-date models, ranging from the incredible price of £5 18*s*. 6*d*. —a sum that will secure a good quality brocade, arranged in the approved long, becoming draped lines, with side-panels of satin *beauté* to tone. Also a *chic* afternoon gown of satin *beauté* or crêpe de Chine, the skirt having graceful side draperies, surmounted by a charming cross-over corsage, finished with embroidery at the waist.

Quite one of the newest and loveliest of petal dance dresses is fashioned of the best georgette, mounted over satin, and, with a floral wreath at the waist, is surely being given away at 7½ guineas. Then a very tornado has swept the stock of tea-gowns and tea-frocks to far below the original cost price. For example, in several good shades, the "Zena," a lovely little sleeveless tea-frock, in rich metal brocade, has been reduced to only 98*s*. 6*d*., and the "Sybil" of Lyons chiffon velvet, the long bodice caught to the waist by a plaited band of gold or silver tissue, entwined with velvet, and finished with full chiffon sleeves, to 89*s*. 6*d*.

The reputation of Marshall and Snelgrove for silks is far famed,

A HARMONY OF PINK AND MAUVE

A shot mauve and pink tissue is responsible for the main portion of this dainty evening frock, the mauve nuance accentuated in long, full, pointed side draperies on pale mauve silk net, a market bunch of shaded mauve and pink roses being pinned at one side of the waist. The severe corsage, a feature of which is the rapidly reviving square-cut décolletage, will be noticed

Original sketch by Betty Nisbet

and it is, consequently, of particular interest to note they are clearing off £50,000 worth of rich French silks, a large proportion of which is marked down to exactly half price. Every Thursday is remnant day, and the sale finishes on the 27th.

Frocks at Bargain Prices

AN establishment that always persuades me enormously as to its exceptionally fine taste, and value is Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, where I just chanced to drop on the gowns first, and was really rendered speechless before the splendid sale offers in evening and smart afternoon confections.

Nothing here appeared to be tossed or shop-soiled, while the styles were of the very latest. There is, for example, an evening toilette of satin *beauté* in an enchanting range of colours, arranged with two wide flounces and a deep swathed sash, the epitome of elegance and surpassingly novel, and only 8½ guineas; or for a like sum there is the loveliest little lace frock in apricot, mauve and saxe, shot with metal thread that has long floating draperies from the shoulders and a low hip belt of chiffon velvet in a deeper tone.

At specially reduced and tempting sums are a lot of short knitted coats for wearing with odd skirts, while the surplus stock of winter sports costumes have been lowered to half the original cost, and well in time for the Swiss exodus.

Millinery, again, is always an outstanding feature at this clearance, together with *lingerie*, trimmings, flowers, and all the small etceteras of dress that run away with such an unconscionable amount of money at ordinary times.

An Interesting Partnership

MR. McCORMACK, so long associated with Paquin, Dover Street, has now joined forces with Miss Frances Moore, 8, Maddox Street, W. Small need at this date to eulogise this long-established private *modiste* and milliner who counts among her *clientèle* daughters of mothers she has dressed year in and year out. And now Mr. McCormack has brought his wide and exceptional experience to bear on the establishment, and these two talented folk, preparatory to launching their new spring models — the which, *en passant*, it may be mentioned, promise many surprises — are busy clearing out all superfluous stock at a big sacrifice.

Particularly notable value is forthcoming in knitted frocks and costumes, the latter from 5½ guineas, a few especially smart pleated skirts built of exclusive materials being marked down to 3½ guineas. Expressly designed for the Riviera and marked at sale prices are a number of advance model hats, several whereof, it is to be remarked, find expression in black and white, a wonderful cockscomb arrangement

(*Continued on page* x)

The ROWE Policy

THE ROWE POLICY is one of intense specialisation. We have concentrated the whole of our energies and resources on supplying *all* the needs of children—from the tiny tot of two or three years on through the school age to the young man or young woman of seventeen or eighteen.

We sell *everything* for the correct apparelling and complete equipment of children—and nothing else. We sell nothing for adults.

It is this intense specialisation in the needs of children that provides in all "Rowe" goods a precision and accuracy in detail that is unusual.

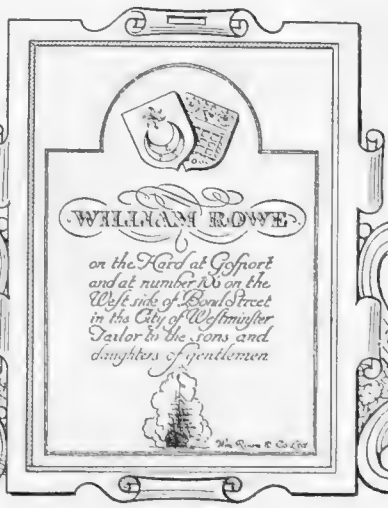
May we send you our illustrated catalogues?

WM ROWE & CO LTD

Boys & Girls Complete School Outfitters

105-106 NEW BOND ST LONDON.

AND AT GOSPORT



C.E.H.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

of black and white reversible ribbon adorning the smartest of black moiré toques.

A New Card Game

"Par Auction," the new game invented by Mr. Milton C. Work, Chairman of the Card Committee of the New York Whist Club, is an ingenious modification of ordinary auction bridge which does away with the old cry — alas! so often justified — "they held all the cards." The game is exceedingly easy to understand by glancing at the little booklet, "Par Auction," which Messrs. The Boullion Payne Webb Co., 18, Ropemaker Street, E.C. 2, have recently brought out. Full particulars will be supplied by this firm in return for a stamped addressed envelope.

Calories for Cold Weather

As is well known, if flour is milled in such a way that the wheat germ is *not* extracted, the protein value of the bread made is enormously enhanced. This is what happens with Hovis flour from which the popular Hovis bread is manufactured. In fact, a further 25 per cent. of wheat germ and endosperm is added, and the fibre-building capacity of this delectable table essential is thus raised, until it has been calculated, 3 lbs. of such bread eaten daily would supply all the protein necessary for maintaining the body's natural warmth.

The Perfect Hair Tonic

How to maintain one's hair at continual best is a problem that all of us endeavour to solve effectively, but if the solution evades us for long, men, if not women—they have much more personal pride—desist in the search with the inevitable sequence of baldness or of lustreless hair. In order to meet the particular needs of the scalp and of ordinary scalp troubles use "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic used but twice a week will permanently "fit" your hair. Ask for it at your chemists, or, if they do not have it in stock, write direct to the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Willesden, London, N.W. 10.

TWO OLD FAVOURITES REVIVED

Charles Windermere as the Rev. Robert Spalding in "The Private Secretary"

A scene from "Charley's" evergreen "Aunt," who never fails to charm

A Triumph for British Industry

A *real* razor blade, hollow-ground and hand-forged, is not often met with in a safety-razor. But the well-known Wilkinson Sword Company, Ltd., with their years of experience in steel tempering, have introduced these features in their safety shaver which is a model of neatness, simplicity and craftsmanship, and a real help to the tiresome task of a daily shave.

At Less Than Cost

Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Mansion House, are offering their annual stock-taking reductions, and many unusual bargains are obtainable. Only certain articles are being offered, and these, in many cases, are marked less than cost price.

Letts and Charles Letts

In our issue of December 20 we inadvertently referred to *Charles* Letts' Diaries as coming from the house of Cassell, whereas they are published by Charles Letts and Co., Cassell's being responsible for Letts' "Quickref" series, referred to in our last issue.

Maison Lyons
CHOCOLATES

The flavour of the chocolate coating and its velvety smoothness are more delightful than any other kind you have tried; the temptingly flavoured centres—each one a pleasant surprise—and their wonderful variety are a revelation of how good chocolates can be **4/- lb.**

Sold in the salons at the Maison Lyons, Corner Houses and by most good confectioners.

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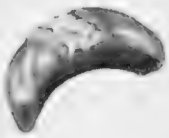
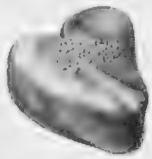


ROSE CREAM



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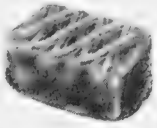
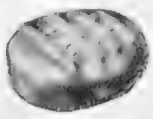


BISCUITINE



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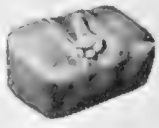

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MONTMORENCY

For the VERY
DEAF

At Bridge Parties; Concerts; "At-homes" and in Commercial and Professional Offices The

Acousticon

is an unrivalled help to hearing. Indeed, apart from it being recommended by more leading ear specialists than all other aids combined, it is chosen by two of London's leading Hospitals for the use of the Aurists with deaf patients. We illustrate a very powerful Acousticon, for *very* deaf people, but there is ***a different model for all cases.*** The standard Acousticon is a very light, marvellously inconspicuous yet efficient model. Fitted with the new NON-HEAD attachment, it is practically invisible. The Acousticon, it should be remembered, is the ***original*** instrument which brought ***natural*** hearing for the deaf nearer perfection than any other aid. The 1923 model is a positive masterpiece. If you are "wondering" whether ***your*** deafness can be overcome, call for a free trial of the Acousticon. ***It means no obligation whatsoever*** and we are sincere in our belief that its power to master deafness will be a revelation to you.

18, Hanover St., Regent St., London, W.1.

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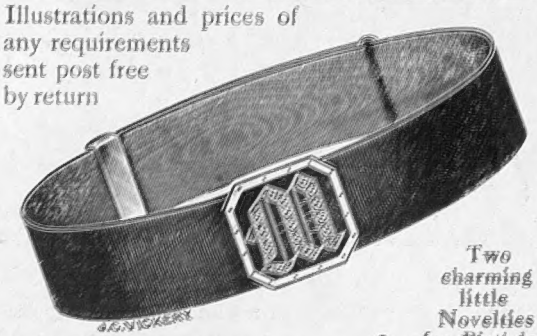
75, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW. 19, Shandwick Place, EDINBURGH, etc.

Vickery's, the "House for Gifts"

Illustrations and prices of any requirements sent post free by return



Two charming little Novelties for Birthday or Bridesmaids Gifts

Gold Mounted Moiré Silk Wristlets with any Initial in Diamonds and Enamel Border.

£3 · 15 · 0

Pearl Initial **£2 · 10 · 0**

Solid Gold Vanity Case, size of Illustration, with any Initial in Diamonds and White Enamel Border.

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By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Miss Ivy Tresmand wearing her "L.B." Velour. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

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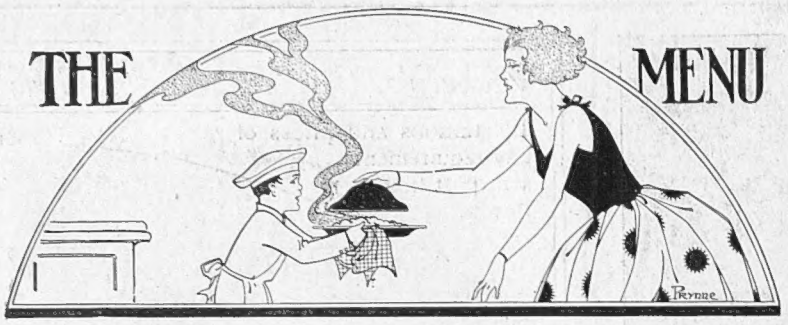

SOME RECIPES FOR COOKING-UP TURKEY

Turkey Soufflé

POUND, or put through a mincing machine, 3 ozs. of the white meat of a turkey, and mix with it half a pint of milk, two eggs well beaten, salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne, and mace. Put the whole into a well-greased mould, tie it down with a cloth, and steam it for thirty minutes. It must be kept upright, and when turned out in the entrée dish pour some well-seasoned brown gravy round, and serve with artichokes in white sauce.

Curried Turkey

Ingredients: 1 lb. of turkey, one large dessertspoonful of curry powder, half a lemon, one good-sized onion, one apple, 1 oz. of margarine, one gill of milk. Mince the onion and apple and fry them thoroughly in the margarine, without browning. Add one dessertspoonful (a large one) of curry powder, and fry for a few minutes. Stir well, and add a gill of milk, a little chutney, and, if available, a little powdered cocoa-nut. Let the sauce cook gently for thirty minutes. Then rub through a strainer, put back into the stewpan, add the turkey cut up into dice, and simmer gently for another thirty minutes. Squeeze the juice of the lemon into the curry, and serve with well-boiled rice.

Turkey à la Milanaise

Boil ¼ lb. of macaroni in salted water for about thirty minutes. Cut up into small pieces 1 lb. of turkey, 4 ozs. of ham or tongue, and the macaroni. Add one large tablespoonful of grated cheese. Melt ½ oz. of margarine in a stewpan, and stir one dessertspoonful of flour smoothly in. Add half a pint of milk, and stir till thickened. Now add all the other ingredients. Season with salt and pepper, and a grate of nutmeg, and simmer on the stove or in a casserole in the oven until heated through. Serve with brussels sprouts, and potatoes baked in their skins.

Devilled Turkey

Divide the legs and make some incisions in them with a sharp knife. Season them with pepper, salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Spread a little butter over them and broil over a clear fire, or under the gas deflector. Serve very hot.

Prairie Oyster

Put into a wineglass a teaspoonful of vinegar, break a new-laid egg into it, season with pepper and salt, and sprinkle it with vinegar and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. This is a good pick-me-up. EMILIA

BE WARNED IN TIME!

That neatly bound diary, "The Gourmet's Journal," which the Trocadero Restaurant presented to each of its guests on New Year's Eve, contains a little daily dictum to the world's diners and winers. We publish the following example without comment:

Never scatter bits of food upon your clothing;
Never harbour mashed-potatoes in your beard;
You will find that people gaze at you with loathing
If some spinach to your eyebrow has adhered.

A NEW PERFUMED VELVETY CREAM FOR REMOVING HAIR.

Throw away your scraping razors and evil-smelling, irritating depilatories. A razor only makes the hair grow thicker and faster, while ordinary depilatories cause painful irritation and have a most offensive odour. Veet will not stimulate hair growth, does not irritate the skin, and has no offensive odour. It is perfectly harmless. Just spread Veet on as it comes from the tube; wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money is returned.

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Guides (stamp) of Town Clerks, Dept. S.C.17

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HAIR TINT, FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the Flask. Chemists & Stores everywhere, or direct—

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GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

IN TWO QUALITIES—

SPORTSMAN'S (Dry), QUEEN'S (Sweet)

The combination of fine old Brandy and matured juice of the English Morella Cherry makes GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY unquestionably one of the most wholesome and delicious Liqueurs in the World.

It is essential that you should ask for GRANT'S and see that you obtain GRANT'S MORELLA. A good way to remember this is to memorise—

WELCOME ALWAYS, KEEP IT HANDY
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

Sold in Bottles and Half Bottles.

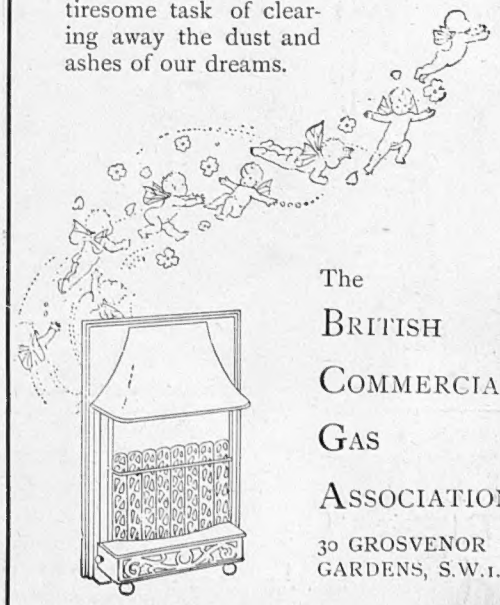
From all leading wine merchants, Hotels, Restaurants, etc. The Distillery, Maidstone.

The Fairyland of Twilight

IN the shadows of twilight and the radiance of fire-glow dwell the fairy folk of children; and there tower the dream castles of grown-ups. So it has been throughout the ages and so it is to-day.

But to-day there need not be the rude awakening which awaited those who dreamed too long before the old-fashioned coal-fire; there is no risk of catching a cold or chill because the fire has died down.

The gas fire can be regulated to maintain an even, healthy warmth so long as the room is in use; when the fire is no longer required the gas is turned out, expense ceases, and the next morning there is no need for servants to face the tiresome task of clearing away the dust and ashes of our dreams.



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SANTALETTE SOAP THE NEW LUXURY OF THE TOILET

SANTALETTE SOAP THE NEW LUXURY OF THE TOILET

Introduction GIFT

During the month of JANUARY

We have arranged with the best Chemists and Stores to present a full-sized **6d.** Tablet of

Santalette Soap

THE NEW LUXURY OF THE TOILET

to each purchaser of a bottle of the well-known

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A Toilet Preparation for rendering the hands beautifully soft and white. Delightfully perfumed with the essence of the Violet.

Of all Chemists and Stores

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Keeping Fine Porcelain

TOOTH enamel—the guardian of the teeth—has a surface like fine porcelain, and must not be cleaned with dentifrices that contain harsh grit. Such dentifrices scratch the enamel and Nature does not renew it. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans teeth the right way, by washing and polishing, not by scratching and scouring.

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Send this Coupon with your name and address (or mention this paper) and enclose 2d. stamp to Colgate & Co. (Dept. C 24), 46 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1. You will receive by return a dainty tube containing 42 inches of Ribbon Dental Cream, post free.

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STRAIGHT CUT VIRGINIAN
CIGARETTES

Prince Charming
CIGARETTES

have the true Virginia flavour to which you were accustomed before the War. They are as a pre-war cigarette, absolutely cool, sweet, and fragrant ; a revelation nowadays.

20 for 1/-, 50's IN VACUUM TINS OR BOXES, **2/6** and **100's 5/-**
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

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CIGARETTES

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